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# COLLIERS WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



G.W.

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## AGUINALDO

GENERAL EMILIO AGUINALDO Y FAMY, THE FAMOUS FILIPINO INSURGENT CHIEF, AS HE APPEARS EQUIPPED FOR THE FIELD. AGUINALDO WAS BORN IN IMUS, A VILLAGE NEAR CAVITE, ABOUT THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO. HIS FATHER WAS A PLANTER

(See page 5)

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## GENERAL MILES ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

**I**N A LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME of nearly seven hundred pages, profusely illustrated with maps and engravings, the Government Printing Office has issued the report of Nelson A. Miles, the Major-General commanding the army. We need not enlarge upon the importance of this authoritative account of the operations performed during the contest with Spain, or on the value of the comments and suggestions to which they have given rise.

It will be remembered that, previously to the passage of the joint resolution of Congress, approved April 20, 1898, demanding that the Madrid Government relinquish its control over the island of Cuba, Congress had appropriated fifty million dollars for the national defence, and that, in the interim between that date and the outbreak of actual hostilities, efforts were made to provide material for military operations on a more extensive scale than had been contemplated for many years. It was that timely action on the part of Congress which enabled us to secure certain munitions of war not then obtainable in this country, and which proved of the utmost service to our forces in the field. On April 26, 1898, an act of Congress was approved which authorized an increase in the enlisted strength of the army to 62,597 men. Subsequently, Congress sanctioned the enlistment of 10,000 men possessing or supposed to possess immunity from diseases incident to tropical climates. On April 9, General Miles had already recommended the equipment of 50,000 volunteers, and, on April 15, he advised that an additional auxiliary force of 40,000 men be provided for the protection of the coast and to act as a reserve. These volunteers, coupled with the increased regular army and the 10,000 "immunes," would have afforded an effective force of 162,597, which, with an auxiliary force of 50,000 natives of Cuba and Puerto Rico, General Miles believed, would be sufficient. He thought that it would be more useful to equip thoroughly a force of that size than to furnish a partial equipment to a much larger number. As a matter of fact, upward of 260,000 soldiers were ultimately placed under the colors. It appears, from a letter quoted in this report, that, as early as April 18, 1898, General Miles expressed the opinion that we could procure the surrender of the Spanish army in Cuba without any great sacrifice of life. He was convinced that we should avoid placing a large force on that island before our navy controlled the Cuban waters, and he emphasized the danger of sending a considerable body of men to Cuba during the sickly season. At the same time, he urged the expediency of harassing the Spanish troops, and of doing the enemy the largest practicable amount of injury during the time needed by the American navy to demonstrate its superiority. To that end, as soon as hostilities began, expeditions were organized to give aid and support to the Cuban insurgents, by supplying them with arms, munitions of war and food supplies. One of these expeditions, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dorst, proceeded from Key West to the harbor of Banes, on the north coast of Cuba, where the insurgent force under General Garcia was provided with 7,500 rifles, 1,000,000 cartridges, 5,000 uniforms, and other requisite materials of war. Another strong expedition, consisting of 5,000 men under Major-General W. R. Shafter, was prepared at Tampa, the objective point being Tunas, on the south side of Cuba, where the commander was expected to open communication with the insurrectionary forces under General Gomez. Definite information having been received that Admiral Cervera's fleet had been enclosed in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba by the navy, General

Shafter was ordered on May 30, 1898, to place his troops on transports and go to the assistance of the warships engaged in blockading that harbor. It was expected that the transports already engaged would convey thither some 25,000 men, but it turned out that many of the steamers were unsuitable for transport service, and it was not until June 14 that a body of troops comprising 803 officers and 14,935 men finally sailed from Tampa, leaving behind some 10,000 soldiers that had been originally designed to move with General Shafter, but which were detained owing to insufficient transportation. The expedition against Santiago under General Shafter landed at Baiquiri and Siboney on June 22-24, 1898. The battle of El Caney took place on July 1. On July 3, General Shafter telegraphed that the defences of Santiago were so strong that it would be impossible to carry them by storm with the force that he then had, and that, consequently, he was considering the expediency of withdrawing about five miles and taking up a new position upon higher ground. On July 4, he telegraphed that, if he was to take the place, he would need 15,000 additional troops speedily. Upon the receipt of these communications, it was decided that General Miles should proceed at once to Santiago, with such reinforcements as were already on the way, or could be immediately despatched. He left Washington on July 7, with the intention of landing sufficient troops on the west side of the harbor of Santiago to open the entrance to the fleet, or to enfilade the enemy's line and take their position in reverse. In pursuance of this plan, General Miles, on reaching Santiago, gave directions for the disembarkation of his troops, but presently learned that negotiations for a surrender had been pending between General Shafter and the Spanish commander. Upon July 13, General Miles and General Shafter had an interview with the Spanish General, Toral, in the course of which the Major-General commanding the American army informed the Spanish commander that it was the determination of the Washington Government that the Spanish troops at Santiago must either be captured or destroyed. General Miles offered generous terms, namely, to convey Toral's troops back to Spain, at the same time pointing out that in no other way could the Spanish soldiers be returned to their native country, seeing that they were on a distant island, without any means of succor. General Toral replied that, inasmuch as he still had ammunition and food, he was not permitted by the Spanish law to surrender unless he were authorized by his superiors. To give him time to communicate with them, General Miles agreed to wait until twelve o'clock noon on the following day before resuming hostilities. At twelve o'clock on July 14, General Miles met General Toral by appointment under a flag of truce, and the latter stated that he was prepared to surrender his command, such action having been approved by Captain-General Blanco, who had authorized him to appoint commissioners to agree upon the terms of capitulation. Some delay ensued, owing to the disagreement between the two commissions as to the disposition of the small arms, but the matter was finally settled by leaving it to the decision of the American Government, our commissioners merely recommending that the arms should be sent to Spain with the troops.

We note that full credit is given by General Miles in this official report to the services rendered by General Garcia, the commander of the Cuban insurgent force stationed in Santiago province. General Miles testifies that Garcia sent 3,000 soldiers to check any movement on the part of the 12,000 Spaniards in garrison at Holguin. A portion of this latter force actually started to the relief of the garrison at Santiago, but was successfully checked and turned back by the Cuban forces under one of Garcia's lieutenants, General Feria. General Garcia also sent 2,000 men under Perez to block the 6,000 Spaniards stationed at Guantanamo, and they accomplished their purpose. He also sent 1,000 men under General Rios against the 6,000 Spaniards concentrated at Manzanillo. Of this Spanish garrison, 3,500 soldiers started to reinforce Santiago, and were engaged in no less than thirty combats with the Cubans on their way to the beleaguered city. With another force of 5,000 men, Garcia took up a strong position on the west side of Santiago.

While the movement under General Shafter against Santiago was in progress, the capture of Puerto Rico had already been determined upon, and transports were being collected for an expedition to that end. No sooner had General Toral surrendered than General Miles expressed a desire to proceed as quickly as possible to Puerto Rico, but it was not without some delay that he was authorized to do so. On June 21, however, he started from Guantanamo with 3,415 infantry and artillery, together with two companies of engineers and one company of the Signal Corps. Puerto Rico, at the time, was occupied by 8,233 Spanish regulars and 9,107 volunteers. During the nineteen days of active campaign in Puerto Rico, a large portion of an island, almost as large as Connecticut and containing nearly a million inhabitants, was brought under the control of the United States. At the date when the protocol was signed, the American forces were in such a position as to render the position of the Spaniards, outside of the garrison of San Juan, entirely untenable. This will be recognized by students of the art of war as a memorable achievement, when the shortness of the time employed and the paucity of the force under General Miles are kept in view.

# THE PHILIPPINES AND THE FILIPINOS

By RAMON REYES LALA

(*A Native of Manila*)

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, WHO IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT WHICH HE TREATS, WRITES: "IN PREPARING THIS ARTICLE I HAVE SPENT A GOOD DEAL OF TIME AND THOUGHT OVER THE MATTER, AND HAVE TRIED TO CONDENSE AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE IN COVERING THE GROUND WHICH YOU LAID OUT FOR ME. I MIGHT SAY THAT NOBODY'S LETTERS ARE COMING TO ME, MAKING INQUIRIES, AND WHAT I HAVE SAID IN THIS ARTICLE, IN A LARGE MEASURE, ANSWERS MANY OF THEM."]

I SEE THAT Aguinaldo, Luna, Mabini, Buencamino, Paterno, and the other insurgent leaders in the Philippines are, in certain parts of this country, believed to be patriots, and as such are lauded for their resistance to the Americans. If they are patriots, they are misguided patriots, whose attitude is surely not to their country's advantage, for Aguinaldo and his companions, I am glad to say, do not represent the best element among my countrymen. I once believed Aguinaldo a patriot, pure-minded, and anxious only for the good of his country. This was in the days when, almost single-handed, he led the forlorn hope against Spain. It was then that I knew him, and I must say that what I then saw of him filled me with admiration. For he everywhere showed himself able, alert, and sincere.

And while I have even more cause than formerly to admire his ability, I have lately, however, been led to question his motives. For, from the point of view of the best element among the Filipinos, he is at present pursuing a course that is working much detriment to his country. For the wealthy native planters, the business men of Manila, and the other substantial classes among my countrymen, are very desirous for American rule, persuaded that only a stronger power can reconcile the differences among the various tribes and establish a stable and beneficent government, one which will command respect abroad and security at home.

There are no less than thirty distinct tribes in the islands. Of these the most powerful are the Tagalogs, the Visayans, and the Sulu Mohammedans, who, together, form about five-eighths of the native population. The other three-eighths are savage mountain tribes of mixed and doubtful origin, who were never conquered by Spain, and who are as hostile toward the civilized natives of the valleys as toward the Europeans. These barbarians are nomadic, and they live in primitive communities. Their tribal government is of a patriarchal nature, and there is therefore no cohesion among them. They have probably never heard of the Americans, and would resent all efforts to civilize them, whether made by antiquated Spain or modern America. They can therefore hardly be said to have a political attitude. Their only philosophy is to live without work and to steal all they can. Their views should therefore be entitled to but little consideration; and they will form a perplexing problem for American statesmen when the islands shall have been pacified. Such are the Igorros, Chinos, the Negritos, the Tinguanes, the Gaddanes, and the other savage tribes of the interior.

Now, the Tagalogs of Luzon, who number about two millions, and the Visayans of the southern islands, who are estimated at about three millions, are the true Filipinos. The inhabitants of the Sulu protectorate, who number only a few thousands, and who are all Mohammedans, though civilized, are so different from the natives of the north, have so little sympathy with them, and have so far been so little affected by recent events, that I shall leave them out of this discussion altogether.

The Visayans are a far gentler race than the Tagalogs. There is great hostility between these two races, both of whom have been under Spanish influence for centuries, and each of whom is jealous of the other's power. This bitterness and rivalry have recently been increased by the course of Aguinaldo, who has put garrisons of the hated Tagalogs in nearly all the Visayan towns, putting the latter into a state of apparent resistance to American rule, when, in reality, the Visayans eagerly desire it. For to them nothing could be more odious than to be ruled by their hated rivals of the north.

It will therefore be seen that the insurgents represent but a small proportion of one of many races, and that the insurgent chiefs who talk so grandiloquently about their battle for the political and constitutional independence of their country are insincere. For the withdrawal of the Americans from the islands would be the signal for a race war that would be carried to every part of the archipelago, bringing death to countless thousands of its people and destruction to every vested interest in the colony.

This is well recognized by the leading Filipinos in Manila, and that is why they have been so feeble in their support of Aguinaldo and his cause. If, furthermore, the dictatorial methods of the rebels in the past is made the basis for our judgment of their policy in the future, we cannot but believe that American intervention will save us from a tyranny worse than that of Spain itself.



A HIGH-BORN FILIPINA WEARING UPPER GARMENT OF COSTLY PINA—A TEXTURE OF PINEAPPLE LEAF, AS CHOICE AS THE FINEST LACE

The Filipinos are not yet able to govern themselves, and only those who are not fully informed, or who are actuated by a desire for self-aggrandizement, think otherwise. Were we all of one origin and one faith, the problem would be much simpler.

It will take a stronger nation from without to allay sectional jealousies and racial hate, and to establish a government that can guarantee freedom and security to every native in every island—to all tribes and races alike, without tyranny and without favoritism. That Spain failed to do this is no proof that America will fail. If Holland has made such a signal success in the government of her East India possessions, why should not the United States be able to do as well by us? I believe she will, and with me in this desire and belief

are a great majority of the best classes of my countrymen.

But if such is their belief, why then have the most influential Filipinos supported the Americans with so little warmth? The reason is not far to seek. The views of the large anti-expansion element in the United States, expressed in a multitude of journals in no uncertain tone, have filled this class of my countrymen with apprehension. For if the Americans have won the Philippines only to give them up to anarchy and racial war, they will know that they, having advocated annexation, would be the first to suffer from the vengeance of the triumphant rebels.

The high-handed methods of Aguinaldo in the confiscation of property and the expulsion and execution of those opposed to his ambition have taught them what to expect should he have full sway and undisputed dominion.

It is America's duty to finish the work she has so auspiciously begun. In saying this I am only actuated by the desire for my country's welfare. I have little interest in the idea of American imperialism.

Would it not be base to leave the millions of Filipinos who ardently desire independence under American auspices—because it alone will bring the freedom and security so long denied them—at the mercy of a few misguided leaders, or to shameless and unprincipled adventurers, whose course is inspired chiefly by the thought of their own gain?

Nothing has encouraged the insurgents so much as the attitude of those Congressmen and Senators who have persistently opposed the prosecution of the war against them.

The rebel leaders, indeed, began to rely for success more on the aid that they received in Congress than on their own prowess. The attitude of these mistaken statesmen has, I am sure, prolonged the war many months, has paralyzed the industries of my country, and has caused the death of thousands of Americans and Filipinos. Their short-sighted policy is therefore greatly to be deplored. Nor need they think that they have won the gratitude of the Filipinos. They have rather their eternal execration, and I am glad to see that the Administration has not been influenced by them into a position that would mean American dishonor and our national damnation.

When the war is at an end, and I cannot see how it can last any longer, the Americans will find active support on the part of the best element of my countrymen. The recent proclamation has done much to assure these of the pacific intentions and the benevolent purpose of the Americans, and I bespeak a hearty co-operation in every province. But the Americans must learn whom to trust. Only the best men among my people should be selected to aid in the accomplishment of this good work; and these, as a rule, will not be found among the present insurgents.

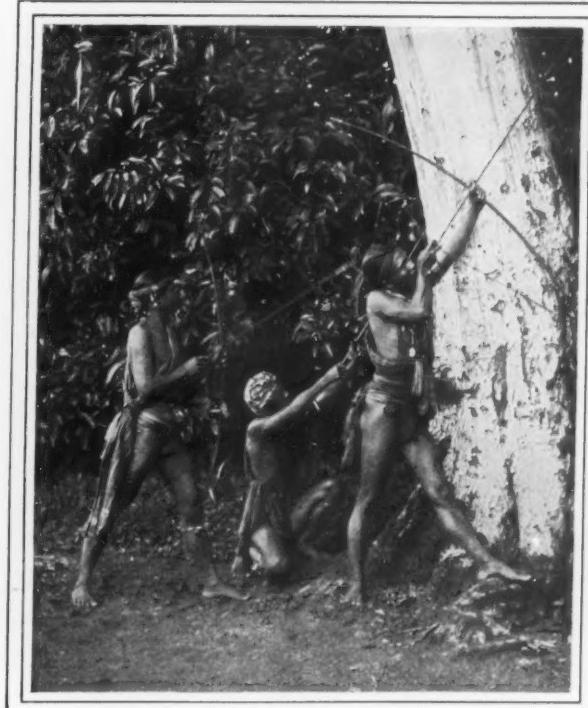
The new government should be made as autonomous as possible; but everything should be done under the supervision of honest and competent Americans, who have been chosen with a view to their special fitness for this work. Having seen a good deal of the workings of machine politics in America, I would emphasize that this system be not introduced into the Philippines. I would suggest the appointment of a permanent Philippine commission (the present commission would be an excellent one), which is to discuss all matters pertaining to the welfare of the colony, and to advise the President in regard to all domestic appointments.

A military garrison should be maintained in every province for the sake of security; and I am sure that regiments of natives, officered by educated Filipinos and by able Americans, will not be found wanting in efficiency. My countrymen have surely shown that they can fight; they only wait an opportunity to show that they can be trusted.

The American Constitution, as applied to my country, will doubtless have to be made subject to some very elastic modifications. These, however, should not be made hastily, but only after considerable experience.

The suffrage should not be extended indiscriminately. I believe an educational qualification should be at the bottom of it, and thus we should at once have the rule of the best element of the Filipinos.

I concur heartily in most of the economic changes and domestic provisions suggested by the recent proclamations. They have all been made by a specific study of the situation on the spot, by men impartial, wise and com-



TINGUANO BOWMEN



THE KING OF THE TINGUIANES AND HIS BODY-GUARD

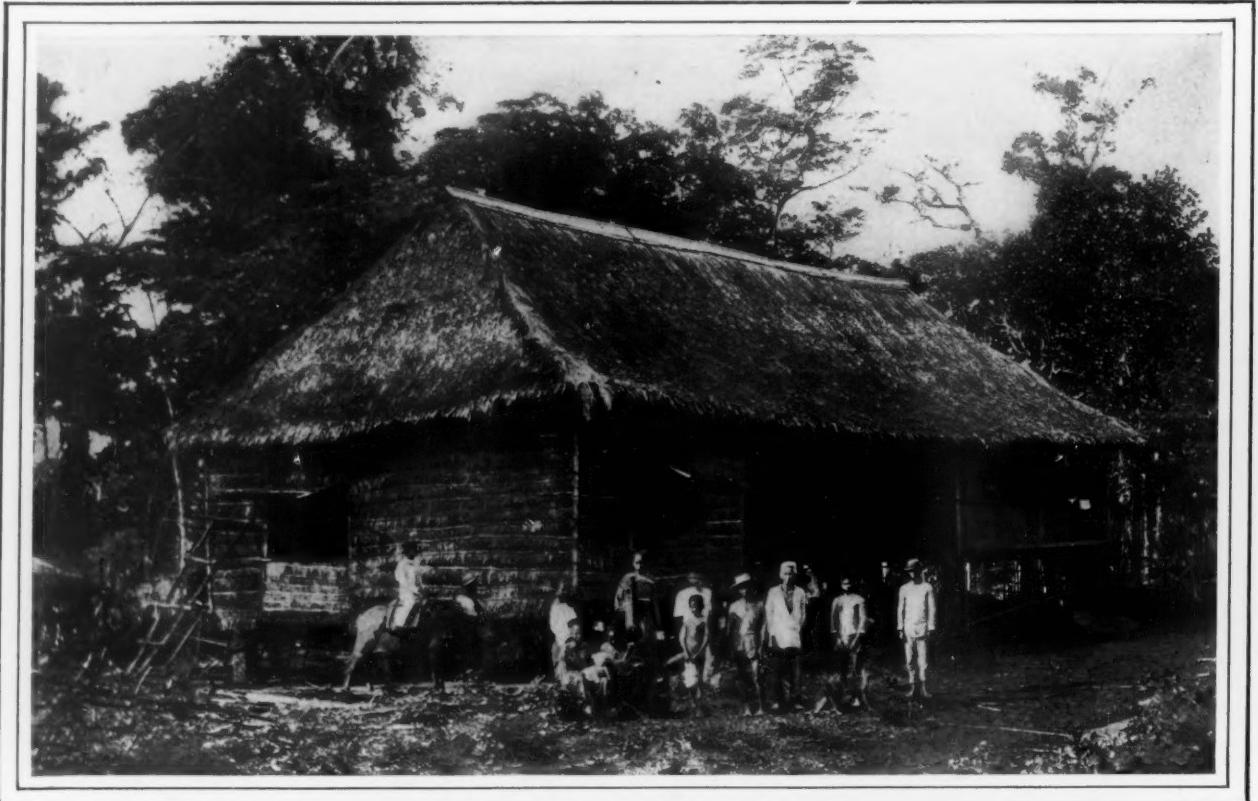
petent. They should, as far as possible, be carried into immediate effect; otherwise the natives will lose confidence in American promises and confidence must be maintained.

The most necessary and most difficult thing that the Americans have before them is to allay the fierce tribal jealousies of which I have spoken, and which have so far been so destructive to security and order in the

islands. I would suggest a reconstruction of the provinces, with a special view to this adjustment along natural lines.

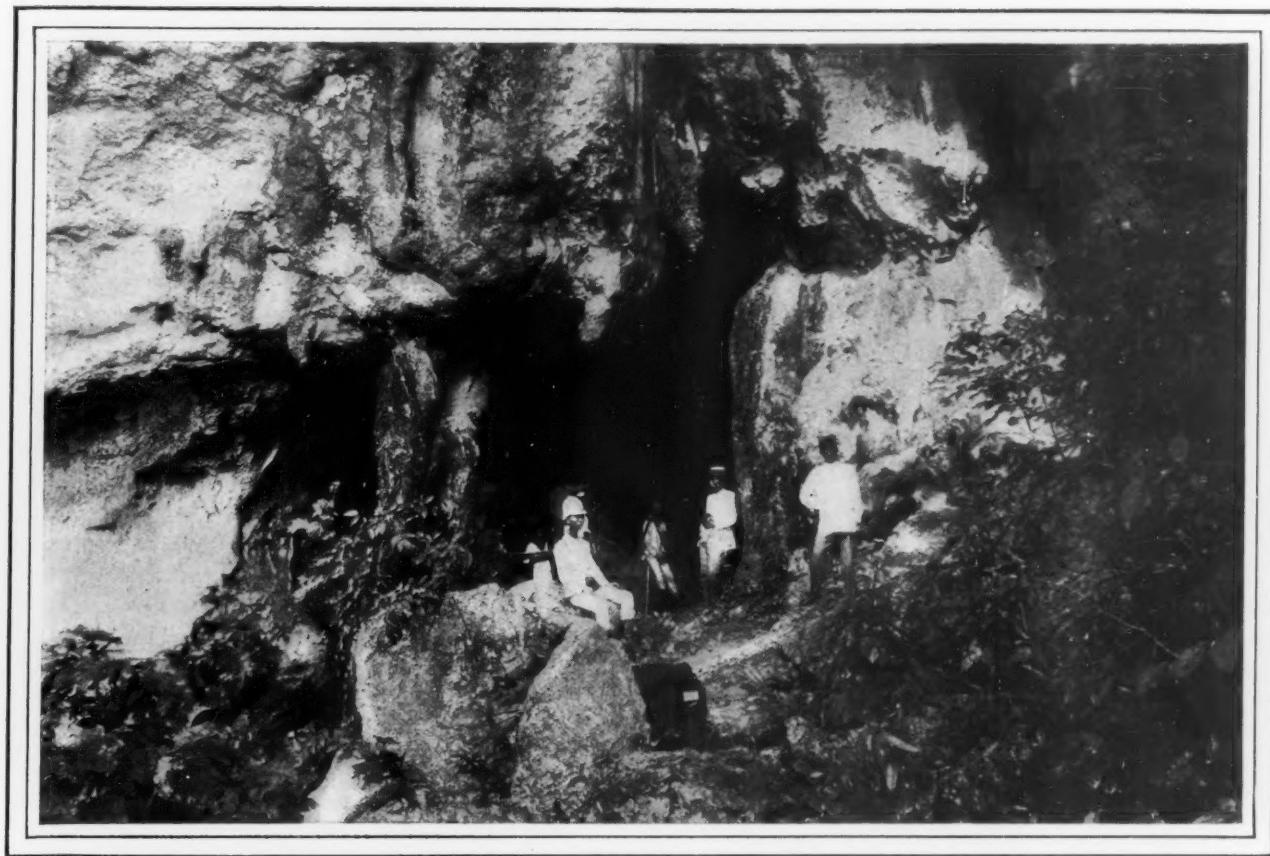
It is obvious, also, that a general law, if applied without proper discrimination, will fail utterly. Each province, each race, and each tribe has its special need, and has to be governed with a tender appreciation of its character. The Tagalogs must be dealt

with differently from the Visayans; the latter again will require other treatment than the Sulus. The Sulus again, being Mohammedans, will require special measures suited to their religion and character, while the Igorotes, the Tinguanes, the Negritos, and the Gaddanes will also have to have a specific government. In fact, I believe there is no colony in the world that demands such delicate handling. This is, of course,



A TAGALOG HOMESTEAD AND FAMILY

THE TAGALOGS INHABIT LUZON AND THE NORTHERLY ISLANDS OF THE PHILIPPINES. THEY FORM THE GREATER PART OF THE NATIVE POPULATION OF MANILA AND THE MORE CONSIDERABLE CITIES AND VILLAGES



CAVE OF VIATUABATO, ONE OF THE INSURGENT STOREHOUSES NEAR BULACAN

due to the great variety of races that inhabit the islands, while most of the other colonies have a homogeneous population.

I am sometimes asked if the Filipinos would really prefer American rule to that of any other of the great powers. I am fully persuaded that they would. While they have received much friendship from England, Germany and Japan, and are most anxious to retain a social and commercial relationship with these powers; yet they believe that the measure of their content will be fuller under American rule than under European or Oriental domination.

With the history of English, German and French colonial conquest they are familiar, and whereas some have doubted the motives of the Americans, the late proclamation has at last won them over, and I predict that once peace is restored all classes will gladly join

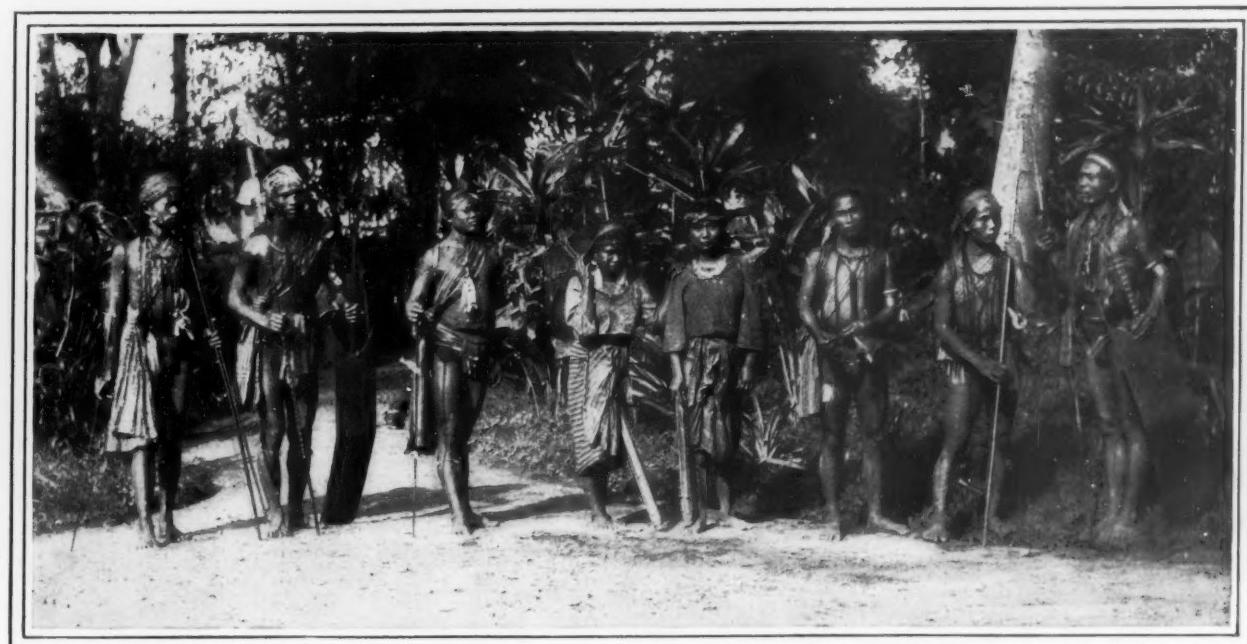
to make the good things promised true. I would, before closing, say a few words on behalf of my countrymen.

I have seen them so often calumniated that I must take up my pen in their defence. American journalists have been too prone to judge the mass by the class, the many by the few, forgetting the variety of races I have taken pains to set forth, forgetting that the character of a whole people should not be maligned because of the crimes of a few unprincipled or mistaken leaders and their irresponsible and misguided followers. War means the anarchy of morality and the death of justice everywhere. It was as true of the late American rebellion as of the present insurrection in the Philippines. Surely a few acts of violence among the Filipinos should not surprise you, when, even in one of your most civilized Christian communities—one that has for genera-

tions had the benefits of your boasted civilization—only a few days ago occurred a series of public crimes that have shocked the whole world. Though there is much fear as to the fate of the gallant Lieutenant Gilmore and his companions, and though they were captured by desperate men, I cannot but believe that they are safe. Let us hope so!

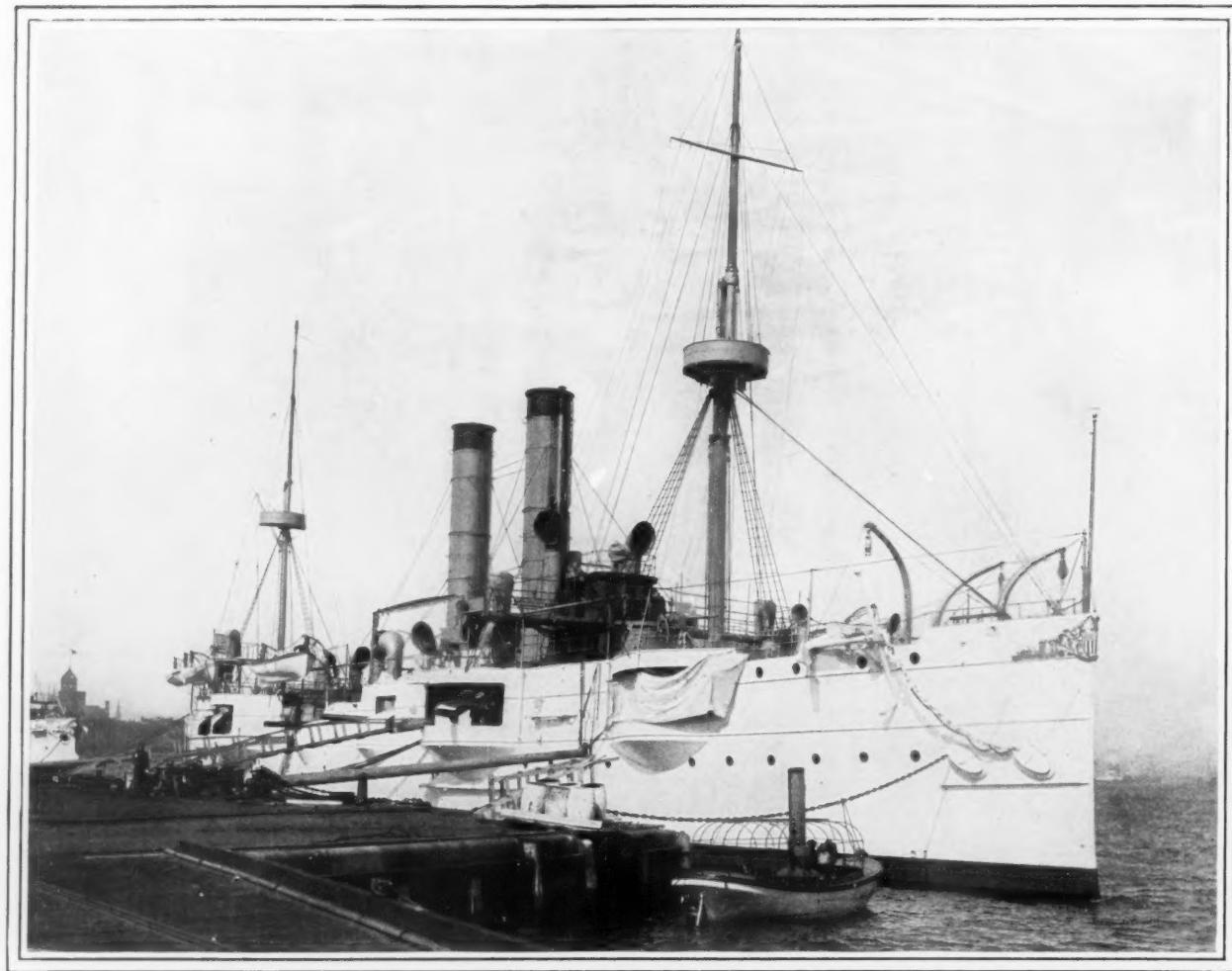
Be reasonable, be just, be merciful! We ask for ourselves only the opportunities that you yourself enjoy. We ask your help; you, who are so strong and so confident in your strength, to attain at least a measure of your freedom, a portion of your magnificent prosperity. We believe that we have the ability, under your guidance and protection, to reach the splendid consummation that our hope.

NEW YORK, April 29, 1899.



TINGUIANO WARRIORS

THE TINGUIANES RESIDE IN THE DISTRICT OF EL ABRA, IN LUZON; THEY ARE SEMI-CIVILIZED AND WERE HELD IN GOOD CONTROL BY THE SPANIARDS. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN LAWS AND CUSTOMS



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER NEWARK

THE NEWARK LEFT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD ON MARCH 21 UNDER ORDERS TO REPORT TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON IN THE WEST INDIES, THENCE TO PROCEED TO APIA, SAMOA, TO BECOME ONE OF ADMIRAL KAUTZ'S PACIFIC FLEET AND TO ASSIST IN PUTTING DOWN THE REBELLION OF CHIEF MATAAFĀ AGAINST AMERICAN AND ENGLISH CONTROL. THE NEWARK IS A STEEL CRUISER OF 4,098 TONS DISPLACEMENT, IS ARMED WITH 6-INCH GUNS, AND CARRIES A CREW OF 384 MEN.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

### THE OREGON AT THE LA-DRONE ISLANDS

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)  
THE U.S.S. OREGON, MANILA, March 20, 1899

**W**HEN THE whale-boat party left the Oregon to go ashore on our newest Pacific Ocean possession, the Island of Guam, it was discovered that landing in the port of San Luis d' Apia is decidedly inconvenient, especially as there are no buoys to mark the intricate passages between the coral reefs, which in many spots are so shoal as to forbid the use of a steam cutter. However, the whale-boat finally reached a tiny pier at Punta Piti, on the road to Agaña, the capital.

The little hamlet of Piti boasts a custom-house, a glaring white building, visible for miles out to sea. From this point to Agaña is five miles, the road being of earth laid on volcanic rock, perfectly level and in splendid condition. For almost the entire five miles the inshore side of the road is lined by a continuous row of houses surrounded by tropical growth, amid which towers many a palm and mango tree; here and there are patches of banana and sugar-cane. Through the gently waving trees on the seaward side one catches glimpses of a dazzling beach; beyond, calm blue water; and, far out, white tossing breakers, rolling over the barrier reef.

The demands of the stewards of Uncle Sam's colliers and men-of-war have made serious inroads on the poultry population of the island; in fact, there is some danger of its becoming extinct. However, the number of small pigs is amazing; they are of the razor-back family, of a dusty yellow color, often decorated with black spots, a small body and a tremendous head. One cannot help imagining these queer, active little fellows to be some other animal masquerading, like hermit crabs, in the ill-matched cast-off shells of departed piggies.

There were children everywhere, and many of the little ones were hard at work pounding rice or carrying on a warfare with the pigs in defence of the family's store of dried beef.

There was, as might be expected in the mixture of several races, a great variety in color and complexion. Among the women this seemed most noticeable. Ordinarily they had a light copper or yellowish complexion; a few were very dark, but many were almost as fair as Caucasians, and really beautiful.

The costume of the Guam woman is almost copied

from the Filipinos. It consists usually of a red or black skirt, into which is tucked an undervest and a very low décolleté chemise, reaching to the waist, with wonderfully wide short sleeves. At times a *páñuelo*, or neckerchief, held by a brooch, is worn. Sometimes the skirt is a light matting of coco palm leaves, but more frequently of *peña* cloth, woven from the fibres of the pineapple plant. Their hair was combed straight back, and worn in a tight roll. The men of the town are chiefly noticeable for their shirts; these have stiff starched bosoms, and the tails are left flowing outside the trousers. This gives many a man who has never hurried in his life a very much rushed appearance. However, apart from the fact that the custom in this climate is sensible, and fully warranted by the increased comfort and coolness it brings, one cannot help thinking that it was a scheming tailor after all who first set the style of wearing the tails tucked in. Think how many pairs of trousers now in the ragbag could be resumed if shirts were only worn *la Guan*.

The town of Agaña is extremely pretty; in fact, the visitors from the Oregon were so enthusiastic in their praise of all they saw as to excite the surprise and envy of the less fortunate ones who were left on board ship. It was the unanimous verdict that nothing in the Sandwich Islands or at any other point yet visited could compare in tropical beauty with the road to Agaña and the town itself. The town is laid out in rectangular blocks, one house wide and about six long. A few houses are two-storyed, the lower story being formed of the walled-in air space below the first floor. There is a church and a government enclosure, nearly one hundred yards square, which contains the Governor's residence, the barracks, arsenal, a chapel, and two large storehouses. All of these buildings are of stone, and said to be less than fifteen years old. The grounds are prettily laid out in walks and flower-beds, and comfortable seats line the road up to the Governor's door, by the side of which stands the flagpole. Here the Governor *pro tem.* allows his new-born patriotism full swing; for he hoists the Stars and Stripes with his own hands at six in the morning and never hauls them down until everybody else in town appears to be in bed.

A couple of old stone bridges arched a small stream before the town, but these, apparently through not having appeared on the budget as requiring repairs, were not distinguished by high-sounding names, as are the tiny wooden ones along the road. There were also two partially completed dwelling houses and several goat

carts in similar case, but the only man at work in town—besides the herdic drivers—was a cobbler. This seemed curious in so idle a place and where so few shoes were worn.

A number of years ago there was a convict settlement and prison at Agaña, and at that time there was a garrison of about five hundred soldiers. At the time the Charleston took the place, however, the convict establishment had long been broken up.

The Governor's guard consisted of about fifty Spanish soldiers, who were treated not much better than the natives, and a native militia of fifty-six men. The latter are now employed as police—coming on duty at such times and places in the island as may be thought necessary. The people are so simple and inoffensive, however, that it requires an act of flagrant injustice to excite them, and even then they are not vindictive, as is the case with the Filipinos.

Under the Spanish law, marriage gave the wife rights in the management and bestowal of the husband's property, which were made oppressive and troublesome to the natives; so it is not unusual for them to dispense with the marriage ceremony, the children being legitimized by baptism. Apparently they regard equal rights as superior to woman's rights. Large tracts of land are held by many of the natives under old Spanish grants, the value of which land, in effecting sales, is determined by the number and kind of trees growing on it. Thus cacao and coffee trees are worth fifty cents, and coconut palms twenty-five cents (Mexican) apiece; the land goes with the trees. As a coconut palm, when mature, or five to six years old, may be relied upon to supply a score of nuts a month, this seems a very low price.

Almost the only article of export is copra—the dried kernel of the coconut from which the oil is extracted for soap and candle making. A small quantity of the oil is also extracted in the island for use in lamps. The schooner Esmeralda makes from four to six trips a year to Yokohama with copra, and another schooner, making the round of the Carolinas and Marianas, touches at Agaña once every three months. The larger portion of this copra ultimately finds its way to London and Hamburg.

Unfortunately there are a few lepers here; for that matter, few islands of the Pacific are free of the taint. It is to be hoped that one of the earliest steps taken by our government will be to isolate these unfortunate and stamp out the disease, as is done in the Hawaiian Islands.

A. A. ACKERMAN, LIEUT. U.S.N.

## THE DRAMA

THE DRAMATIST and I had attended three plays together: "Colinette," which Miss Julia Marlowe was presenting at the Knickerbocker; "Citizen Pierre" at the Fifth Avenue, with Mr. Charles Coghlan in the title part; and "Rupert of Hentzau" at the Lyceum, where Mr. James K. Hackett, after acting for two years as leading man of the stock company, was making his first New York appearance in the double part of Rudolph Rassendyll and the weak-minded King of Ruritania.

In talking over these works bit by bit, we had frequently disagreed. At last, the Dramatist remarked: "After all, there's no such thing as an absolute standard of dramatic criticism. It's wholly a matter of personal opinion. You critics ought to present your views modestly, with the understanding that they may or may not be true."

"Modesty is certainly a beautiful quality," I replied, "even in critics. But I don't agree that there are no standards of criticism, though they may not be, as you say, absolute. In fact, dramatic criticism, if it has any value at all, is valuable because there are standards, and because these standards are seriously applied by people who are experienced students of the theatre."

"Experienced students!" the Dramatist sniffed. "Experience in criticism results in nothing but a crystallization of prejudices."

He turned his head away to hide his smile of pleasure at his epigram. I expect to encounter that epigram in his next play.

"Now what standards of dramatic criticism are there?" he suddenly asked.

"Well, there's first of all the very simple and inevitable standard of life. Of course, plays, even more than novels, must hold the mirror up to nature."

"That's why you're so down on romantic plays, then—because they don't hold the mirror up to nature. So you sweep away a whole class of plays that give people an immense amount of pleasure. It seems to me that your standard is very narrow."

I could not keep from smiling at the old reproach. As if there could be a broader or a higher standard than the standard of life! But I had to seem to take him seriously.

"I acknowledge that I believe the present romantic movement in the drama to be one of the most degrading influences that the stage has felt in recent years. But that isn't merely because we've been flooded with romance. It's because we've been flooded with bad romance."

"Like 'Rupert of Hentzau'?"

"Yes."

"And 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?"

"Ah! There's one of the chief roots of the evil. About five years ago, Anthony Hope wrote a charming fanciful story, pure romance, light and graceful and interesting from start to finish. Then scores of the smaller writers followed his example, and we have since been flooded with cheap imitations. Hope's story was dramatized by Edward Rose with cleverness, so far as construction went, but with a pitiful attempt to introduce the element of humor. As a play, 'The Prisoner of Zenda' was an entertaining trifle, harmless in itself, but pernicious in its tendency."

"Why pernicious?"

"Because it led dramatists away from the creation of plays founded on character to plays founded on incident. The character-play appeals to the intelligence of an audience; by representing human beings and life as we know them, it gives a rational pleasure. Anthony Hope himself has been corrupted by his own example. By devoting his attention to the creation of incident, he has produced, in 'Phroso' and in 'Rupert of Hentzau,' two plays filled with characters that might have been made of sawdust."

"So you think that when a man takes to writing romantic plays he's on the road to artistic perdition?"

"The tendency is dangerous," I repeated, "simply because of this subordination of incident to character. But Grundy, in his version of 'The Three Musketeers,' has shown that it is possible to be romantic and rational at the same time. You see, romance to give a reasonable pleasure must have at least enough relation to life to achieve illusion. In 'Rupert of Hentzau' no illusion whatever is achieved. The story is uninteresting and wildly improbable, and, with hardly one exception, the characters are mere puppets, moved here and there to keep the drama advancing."

"Still the piece has a good deal of spirit," the Dramatist replied; "and the duel between Rassendyll and Rupert is one of the most stirring scenes I've ever witnessed in a modern play. The last act, too, after the death of the King, in spite of being gloomy, is very original and beautiful. In fact, I consider Rassendyll's sacrifice at the close one of the cleverest pieces of writing Hope has ever done."

"But all that doesn't make the play a good play."

"Still it's a success," said the Dramatist, with a little smile of resentful satisfaction. "It has established Hackett as a star."

"Yes; but as Hackett himself remarked in his speech on the first night, he is fortunate in his manager. Mr. Daniel Frohman has presented the piece lavishly, and given the 'star' as good a send-off as any young actor could have. But it's a great pity just the same. Mr. Hackett's merits did not entitle him to leading a company of his own. Now that he is on the straight road to success, he will probably never get the severe training that he needs to rid himself of his faults."

"What faults? He has a good presence, temperament, a fine voice—"

"His voice seems to me his greatest defect. It has so wide a range that, on the stage, it sounds like several voices. Instead of employing a natural method of delivery, Mr. Hackett takes advantage of his vocal

range to play all kinds of tricks; consequently, his reading nearly always seems artificial. Then, too, he has very little skill in characterization. His acting of the King was very weak, and his Rassendyll was wholly lacking in vigor and charm. He ought to take pains, by the way, to correct his speech; it is not only indistinct, but his accent smacks frequently of Bowery."

"Now that the dramatic schools are beginning to flourish," said the Dramatist, "I suppose we shall hear better English on the stage. Young actors say that it's pretty hard to get a start here in New York unless you are a graduate of one of the schools."

"Well, if the schools are teaching actors to speak pure and distinct English, they are accomplishing a great work. I don't believe that Mr. Hackett's leading woman, Miss Johyna Howland, can have come from a school. Surely any teacher of speech would have tried to correct her throaty and affected speech."

"She was probably chosen for the part of Flavia," said the Dramatist, "because she had posed for the character in Gibson's illustrations of 'Rupert.' She looked very stunning with her red hair and her willowy figure, didn't she?"

"But they won't carry her through her career. If she is going to succeed, she will have to learn to act. At present, she is utterly conventional."

The Dramatist looked thoughtful. "Do you think that people really can learn to act? It seems to me that if the ability is in them, it will show without any training at all."

"True enough. No crudeness can hide talent. But I have known of people with little or no talent, who have been taught to act, not only acceptably, but well. I don't believe that a man like Charles Coghlan ever needed any teaching. But he has not only a very rare temperament, he is a cultivated man of the

'Citizen Pierre'; he puts it on, with a good company and with superb scenery, and he falls down. Tough, isn't it? But he certainly has pluck enough. After failing dismally with it at the Fifth Avenue, I hear he is going to try it again at another New York theatre."

"If he does, I believe that he will merely have another disappointment. When a play fails, as 'Citizen Pierre' failed, there is almost no hope of saving it. Besides, the change of theatre will work against it. It is curious about that, by the way. A few years ago Mr. Coghlan had a capital play produced at Wallack's, then Palmer's, with his sister Rose in the chief part. It had some success; but when it was transferred to Daly's it died. Pinero said the other day that as a boy he wanted to be the conductor of an omnibus—it seemed so dangerous to hang on at the omnibus door and collect fares; and he thinks that his present work is a good deal like the omnibus conductor—just about as uncertain and risky."

"But I notice that he hits the bull's-eye every time," the Dramatist gloomily replied. Then he added, his mind returning to "Citizen Pierre": "And to think that a rubbishy thing like 'Colinette' should have a success! Well, Pinero is right. You never can tell."

"It's curious how 'Colinette' takes up a period in French history only a few years after the period of 'Citizen Pierre'! And those years that come between the two Bonapartes have been very little exploited in either literature or the drama. To be sure, 'Colinette' makes very little of the chances Louis the Eighteenth's time offers. The piece, after all, is a mere fantasy, like a careless improvisation on the piano. I doubt if it would have any vogue in the flabby adaptation from the French that Henry Guy Carleton has made if Julia Marlowe weren't appearing in it."

"But if Charles Coghlan can't make an inferior play a success, how can Julia Marlowe?" cried the Dramatist.

"That is one of the many mysteries of the theatre," I replied. "People like Julia Marlowe—well, because she's young and pretty and because she has charm. She has been on the stage about ten years now, and yet she's as ingenuous and as winsome as ever. She has never learned any stage tricks."

"But she's only lately begun to make money," said the Dramatist, who occasionally bristles with information. "She's had a long and hard fight for success, and I imagine there has been a good deal of heartburning in it. She made her first appearance at just about the time when Mary Anderson was leaving the stage, and it looked as if she might take Mary Anderson's place. But she didn't. And then, three years or so ago, when she married Robert Taber, and made him co-star, and called herself Julia Marlowe Taber, many of her friends thought that the combination was sure of winning enormous success. But that proved to be a disappointment too. Julia Marlowe had made more money alone than she did as Mrs. Taber, and with the help of her husband. So the syndicate that backed her told her that she must dissolve her artistic partnership with her husband, go back to the name that she was best known by, and star alone. That was rather hard on Taber, wasn't it?"

"He probably thought so at the time. He was not strong enough to star alone, and he must have hated to go back to the ranks. He made a very shrewd and plucky move in striking out for England and beginning all over again where he was unknown. But he is all right now. His successes with Henry Irving and with Forbes Robertson have made a great reputation for him in England, and as soon as he recovers from the illness that he has had for several months he will undoubtedly take a good position on the English stage. Perhaps the separation of those two people was the best thing that could have happened to them—artistically, I mean. At any rate, Julia Marlowe is sure to remain a favorite now that Charles Frohman has taken her under his management. Well, everything seems to prosper with him. But ever since Julia Marlowe started out, she has had an enthusiastic following in Philadelphia and Boston, and a few other cities. It's a pity, though, that she is turning away from Shakespeare."

JOHN D. BARRY

## A WORD

A LITTLE word no one could guess,  
Half a command, half a caress,  
Spoken between a smile and sigh;  
None else could solve the reason why.

On many a summer's afternoon,  
Where garden insects hum and swoon;  
On many a morning bright with May,  
When sunlight leaned across the Bay.

Under the trees, where oft we sat,  
Athwart the play of merriest chat,  
Twould suddenly be thrown at will,  
Lost in the redbird's gurgling trill.

Or when the world had crowned my hair,  
And you wore black and boutonnière,  
Twas whispered softly, swift and deft,  
Across the damask's glittering weft.

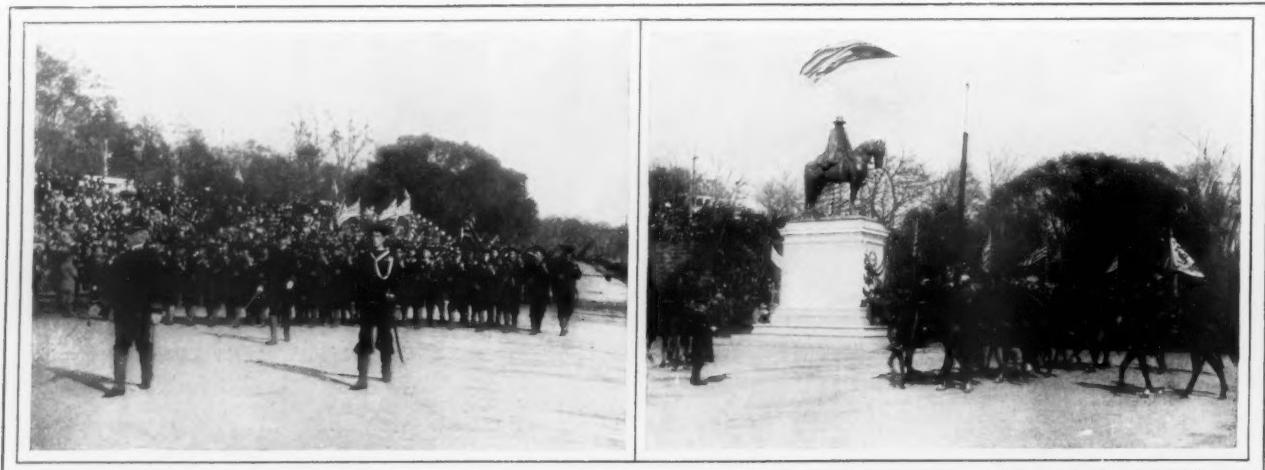
When I have gone beyond the sea,  
Should through your heart a thought of me  
Some uninvited dream have stirred,  
You will recall the little word

That once was met by frown or glee,  
Impatient jest or repartee.  
But, dearest, in the coming years  
I think its echo will be—tears.

JULIEN GORDON.

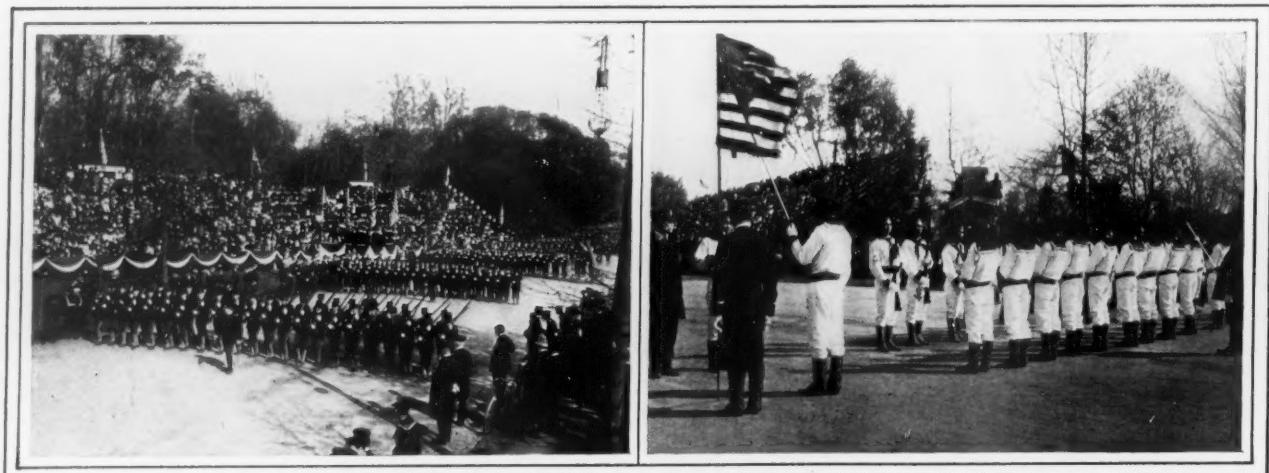


MISS JULIA MARLOWE,  
In "Colinette" at the Knickerbocker Theatre.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PHELPS AND SAILORS OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER RALEIGH PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN SCHALL AND STAFF PARADING PAST THE MONUMENT



FIRST REGIMENT UNITED STATES INFANTRY PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND

THE CHINESE NAVAL RESERVES OF PHILADELPHIA SALUTING BEFORE THE MONUMENT

## UNVEILING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT, AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 27

## UNVEILING THE GRANT MONUMENT

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PHILADELPHIA, April 27, 1897

THE CEREMONY of unveiling the bronze equestrian monument of General Ulysses S. Grant took place in this city this afternoon under the auspices of the Fairmount Park Art Association. Miss Rosemary Sartoris, the granddaughter of General Grant, in the presence of Mrs. Grant, the widow of the general, President McKinley, officers of the Cabinet, and many distinguished guests, pulled the string that held the flag over the statue, released it, and it fell to the ground. As the imposing statue stood revealed twenty thousand spectators cheered, and Battery D fired the general's salute of seventeen guns.

At two o'clock, after the arrival of the President and party, consisting of President and Mrs. McKinley, Secretary of the Treasury Gage and Mrs. Gage, Secretary of the Navy Long and Mrs. Long, Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, Attorney-General Griggs, G. B. Cortelyou, the President's secretary, Captain Sartoris and Captain Saxton, the procession took up the line of march to the monument. At the reviewing stand the distinguished visitors were given the national salute of twenty-one guns, after which the ceremonies proceeded. Mayor Ashbridge ennobled General Grant, and Mr. John H. Converse, President of the Park Association, introduced Miss Sartoris. After the unveiling of the statue A. Loudon Snowden accepted the monument on behalf of the commission.

Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Poole of the Chinese Naval Reserves placed upon the pedestal a wreath bearing a paper with the inscription: "From His Excellency, the Chinese Minister to the United States, Wu Ting-fang, as a token of his respect for the memory of the late General U. S. Grant and a tribute of friendship from the Chinese Empire."

At the public reception held to-night at the Academy of Music President McKinley spoke briefly, and in part as follows:

"My Fellow Citizens: A single word to the just and beautiful tribute paid to the great warrior by your fellow-citizens. I was, half a dozen years ago, in Galena, delivering an address at the unveiling of a statue of General Grant in that little home city in Illinois, and this story was told me—that General Grant, then a captain and out of the service, presided over their first Union meeting in 1861—the first meeting after the call for

volunteers. The meeting was a large one, held in the old court house, and inquiries were made all over the room who it was that was thus called to preside over that important patriotic assembly. Some one said, 'It is Captain Grant.'

"Well, who is Captain Grant? We never heard of him."

"In four years from that time he presided over the greatest Union meeting ever held beneath the flag, at Appomattox Court House, and his name was upon every lip and his face was familiar to every American home."

"Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, but it took the guns of Grant to give life to that decree."

He will be remembered for all time, and his name forever cherished as the soldier who preserved the Union of the States. He had a sacred attachment for the old soldiers. The last time the public ever looked upon his face in life was on the occasion of the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic in the city of New York, only a little while before General Grant's death. And against the protests of his friends and his physicians he was carried to the window of his house to look for the last time upon his comrades. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and attested his undying love for those who followed him from Shiloh to Vicksburg and Appomattox.

"He not only achieved great victories in war and great administrative triumphs in peace, but he was permitted to do what is given to few men to do, to live long enough to write with his own pen the history he had made in command of armies of the United States. And what a splendid history it is. It should be read by all the boys and girls of the land, for it tells, in its just and simple, and honest but most forceful way, the trials and triumphs and hopes of the army over which he was supreme commander. And when he had finished that work he laid down his pen, and, like a good soldier, said to his master, 'Thy will be done.'

This heroic statue of General Grant in bronze typifies a moment when Grant is surveying a battlefield from an eminence, intent upon the operations of the forces before him. The figure of Grant expresses something of the latent force and the sphinx-like character of the famous commander.

The height of the statue from bottom of plinth to top of rider's hat is fifteen feet one inch; the size of the plinth is five feet six inches by twelve feet six inches. The total weight of the statue is five tons.

The pedestal is built of pale pink Jonesboro granite. Its total height to the bronze plinth supporting the statue is fifteen feet three and three-quarter inches. The pedestal is supported on a step, which supports a seat entirely surrounding the molded base of the monument. On this rests the die, a plain mass of granite, diminishing toward the top with considerable entasis and crowned with a molded cornice and neck moldings.

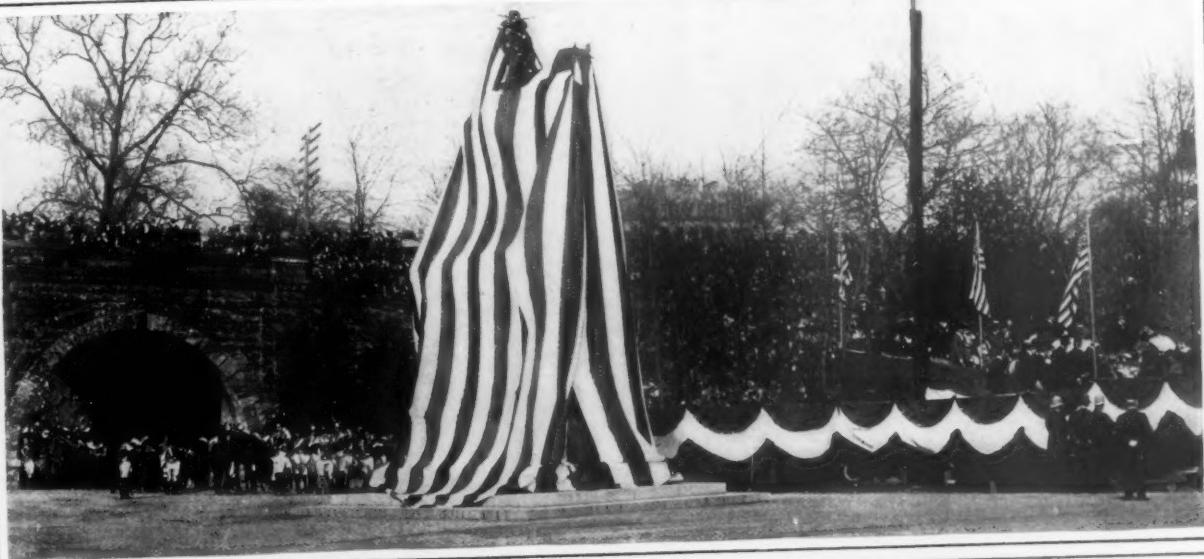
The contract was given by the Fairmount Park Art Association, January 23, 1894, and the statue completed in 1898. Complete, it cost \$32,675.35.

The monument is located at the intersection of East Park River Drive and Fountain Green Drive.

C. F. BOURKE



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER FREDERICK POOLE OF THE CHINESE NAVAL RESERVES, PLACING A WREATH ON THE MONUMENT



THE GRANT STATUE—BEFORE UNVEILING

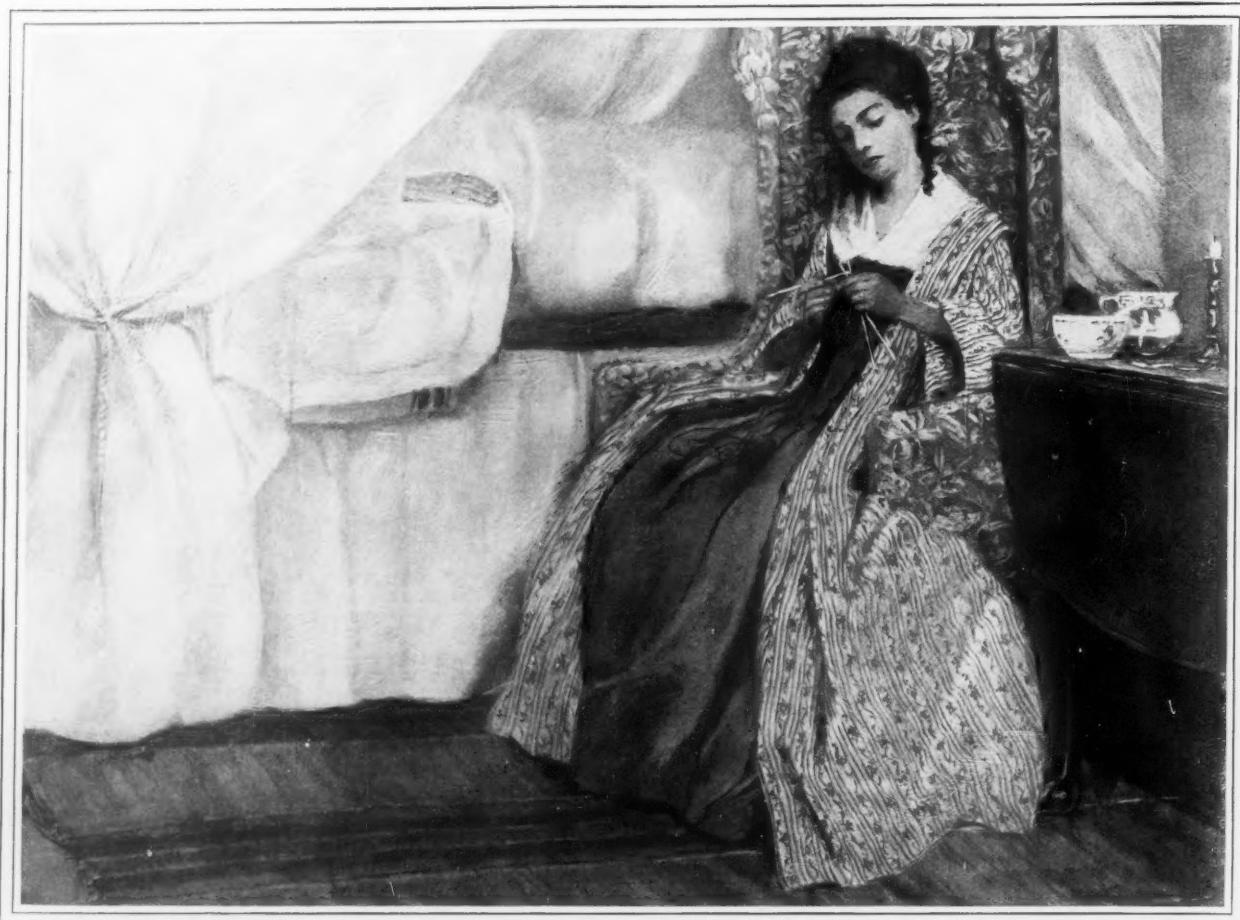


THE INVOCATION AND PRAYER READ BEFORE THE PRESIDENT BY THE RT. REV. OZI W. WHITAKER



PICTURES BY JAMES H. HAKE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

MISS ROSEMARY SARTORIS UNVEILING THE STATUE  
UNVEILING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT, AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 27



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS  
JANICE HELPED THE LONG HOURS OF WATCHING PASS BY KNITTING ON A SILK PURSE OF THE MOST COMPLICATED PATTERN

## JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD. Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Begun in Collier's Weekly January 28]  
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fowles, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist. Fowles secretly loves Janice. He becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fowles. The Royalist army descends into New Jersey. The Continental army abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British. Light Horse officers are entertained by the Merediths. Fowles (or Colonel Brereton) is captured by British troopers. With Janice's help he escapes. Washington crosses the Delaware and defeats the Hessians. A force of Royalists is defeated by Continentals at Greenwood. The Meredith homestead is sacked and the outbuildings fired.

The Merediths endeavor to bring about a marriage between Janice and Philemon Henrion, a royalist neighbor. Colonel Brereton kidnaps Henrion and prevents the marriage. Squire Meredith is tarred and feathered by the Whigs and driven from the county. Janice, seeking her father, is detained by the illness of Mrs. Meredith at Brunswick and again meets Brereton.

### XXXI SHORT COMMONS



THE MOMENT'S CHEER that the brief dialogue with Brereton brought Janice was added to by the reading of the two letters from her father to him, which reaffirmed and amplified the little aide had told her, and ended that source of misery. And, as if his advent in fact marked the turn of the tide, the doctor announced the next day that Mrs. Meredith's typhoid had passed its crisis, and only good nursing was now needed to insure a safe recovery. The girl's prayers suddenly changed from ones of supplication to ones of thanksgiving; and she found herself breaking into song even when at her mother's bedside, quite forgetful of the need for quiet. This she was especially prone to do while she helped

the long hours of watching pass by knitting on a silk purse of the most complicated pattern.

The materials for this trifle had been purchased on the afternoon following the march of the Continental army, and for some days the progress was very rapid. Public events then interfered and checked both song and purse. On September 11 the low boom of guns was heard, and that very evening word came that the Continental army had been defeated at Brandywine. The moment the news reached Philadelphia an exodus of the timid began, which swelled in volume as the probability of the capture of the city grew. The streets were filled with wagons carting away the possessions of the people; the Continental Congress, which had been urging Washington to fight at all hazard, took to its heels and fled to Lancaster; and all others who had made themselves prominent in the Whig cause deserted the city. Among those who thought it necessary to go was the lodging house keeper; for, her husband being an officer of one of the row galleys in the river, she looked for nothing less than instant death at the hands of the British. With a plea to Janice, therefore, that she would care for the house and do what she could to save it from British plundering, the woman and her daughter departed. Her example was followed by the doctor, not from motives of fear, but from a purpose to join Washington's army as a volunteer. This threw upon the girl's shoulders the entire charge of her mother, and the cooking and providing as well; the latter by far the most difficult of all, for the farmers about Philadelphia were as much panic-stricken as the townspeople, and for a time suspended all attempts to bring their produce to market.

The two weeks of this chaos were succeeded by a third of unwanted calm, and then one morning as she opened the front door on her way to make her daily purchases, Janice's ears were greeted with the sound of military music. Turning up Second Street, curiosity hastening her steps, she became part of the crowd of women and children running toward the market, and arrived there just in time to see Harcourt's dragoons, followed by six battalions of grenadiers, march past to the tune of "God Save the King." Following these came Lord Cornwallis, and then four batteries of heavy artillery; and the crowd cheered the conquerors as enthusiastically and joyfully as they had Washington's ragged regiments so short a time before.

The advent of the British did not lessen the difficulties of Janice, as they not only promptly seized all the provisions of the town, but their main army,

camped outside the city at Germantown, intercepted the few fresh supplies which the farmers successfully smuggled through Washington's lines above the city. Fresh beef rose to nine shillings the pound, bread to six shillings the quartier loaf, and everything else in like ratio. As if these prices were not in themselves sufficiently prohibitive, the dealers now refused the Continental money, rendering useless what was left of Brereton's loan.

The day came, therefore, when the girl could no longer secure food for her mother, and in her desperation she went boldly to headquarters and asked for Lord Cornwallis.

She was referred by the sentry at the stoop to a room on the ground floor, her entrance being accompanied by the man shouting down the hallway: "Here's wan more av them townsfolks, sir." Entering, Janice discovered two men seated at a table, each with a little pile of money at his elbow, passing the time with cards.

"Well?" growled the one with his back to the door, "I suppose 'tis the usual story: No bread, no meat, no firewood; sick wife, sick baby, sick mother, sick anything that can be whined about. Body o' me, must we not merely fall by fighting, but die a thousand deaths meantime with endless whimpering?"

"Slowly, slowly, Mobray," advised he who faced Janice. "This is no nasal-voiced and putty-faced, cowardly old Quaker. 'Tis a damned pretty maid, with eyes and a waist and an ankle fit to be a toast, Ay, and she can mantle divinely, when she's admired!"

"Ye don't foist that take-in on me, John André! I score six to my suit, and a quint is twenty-one, and a card played is twenty-two.—Well, graycoat, say thy thoughts, and don't stand behind me as a kill-joy."

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis, Sir Frederick," faltered Janice, nerved only by thought of her mother, and ready to sink through the floor in her mortification.

At the sound of a woman's voice the officer turned his head sharply, and with the first glance he was on his feet. "Miss Meredith," he cried, "a thousand pardons! Who'd have thought to find you here? How can I serve you?"

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis," repeated Janice.

"Tis evident you pay little heed to what has been occurring," replied Mobray, as he placed a chair for her. "We thought we had all the spirit beat out of Mr. Washington's pack o' ragamuffins, but, egad, last week, quite contrary to all the rules of polite warfare, and in a most ungentlemanly manner, they set upon us as we lay encamped at Germantown, and wellnigh

gave us a drubbing. Lord Cornwallis went to Sir William's assistance, running his grenadiers at double quick the whole distance, and he has not yet returned.

"We deemed rebellion well under our heel when we gained possession of its capital," chimed in Captain André; "but Mr. Washington seems in truth to make a fourth with 'dog, a woman, and a chestnut tree, the more they are beat the better they be.' Our very successes are teaching his army how to fight, and I fear me the day will come when we shall have thrashed them into a victory."

"But all this is not helping Miss Meredith," spoke up Mohray. "Lord Cornwallis being beyond reach, can I not be of aid?"

In a few words the girl poured out the tale of her mother's sickness, and then with less glibness, and with reddened cheeks, of her moneyless and foodless condition.

Before she had well finished the baronet swept up his pile of money on the table and held out the handful of coins to the girl.

"Oh, no," cried Janice, shrinking back. "I—oh, I thank you, but I can't take your—"

"Ah, Miss Meredith," pleaded Sir Frederick, "I was less proud last winter when we were half starving in scurvy-plagued and fever-stricken Brunswick."

"But food was nothing," exclaimed Janice, "and that is all I want; just enough for my mother. I thought Lord Cornwallis might—"

"In truth, Miss Meredith, you ask for what is far scarcer than guineas in these days," said André.

the hands of the rebels, and have been properly exchanged, sir, you may be able to find a British officer to carry a challenge on your behalf; until then no man of honor would lower himself by fighting you."

"I make Sir Frederick's answer mine, my lord," said André, "and I suggest, as a lady is present, that we put a finish to our war of words, which can come to nothing."

The commissary gave a quick glance about the room, and as he became aware of the presence of Janice, he uttered an exclamation, and started forward with outstretched hand. "Miss Meredith!" he ejaculated. "By all that's wonderful!"

Mohray made an impulsive movement as Clowes stooped and kissed the girl's hand, almost as if intending to strike the baron; but, checking himself, he sarcastically remarked, with a frowning face: "If you enjoy the favor of his lordship, Miss Meredith, you need not look further for help. We follow who fight for our country barely get enough to keep life in us, but the commissary knows not short commons. Mr. Commissary-General, you have an opportunity to aid Miss Meredith that you should not have were it in my power to forestall you."

"Come to my office, Miss Janice," requested Clowes, perhaps glad to get away from the presence of the young officers. He led the way across the hallway to another room, and, after the two were seated, would have taken the girl's hand again had she not avoided his attempt.

The fewest possible words Janice retold her plight, broken only by interjections of sympathy from her list-

In this latter desire the girl secured but a brief postponement, for she was not long returned when the knocker summoned her to the front door, and on the steps stood the commissary, and two soldiers laden with a basket apiece.

"You see I'm true to my word, Miss Meredith," said Lord Clowes. "Give me the whiskets, and be off with you," he ordered to the men; and then, to the girl continued: "Where will you have them bestowed?"

"Oh, I'll not trouble thee," protested Janice, blocking the entrance, "just hand them to me."

"Nay, 'tis no trouble," the officer assured her, setting one foot over the sill. "And, besides, I have word of your father to tell you."

Reluctantly the maiden gave him passage, and pointed out a place of deposit in the entry for his burden. Then she fled back to the staircase, and went up a few steps. Yet she eagerly questioned: "What of my father?"

Clowes came to the foot of the ascent. "He is on one of the transports in the lower Delaware, and as soon as we can reduce the rebel works, and break through their cursed *chevaux-de-frise*, he will come up to Philadelphia."

"Oh," almost caroled Janice, "what joyous news!"

"And does the bringer deserve no reward?" "For that, and for the food, I thank you deeply, Lord Clowes," said the girl warmly.

"I'm not the man to take my pay in mere lip music," answered the commissary. "Harkee, Miss Meredith, there is a limit to my forbearance of thy skittishness. Thou wast ready enough to wed me once, and I have



DRAWN BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

MAJOR ANDRE TEACHES JANICE TO PAINT

"The rebels hold the forts in the lower Delaware so tenaciously that our supply ships have not yet been able to get up to us, and as Washington's army is between us and the back country, we are as near in a state of siege as nineteen thousand men were ever put by an inferior force."

"Our men are on quarter rations, and we officers fare but little better," grumbled Mohray.

"Then what am I to do?" cried Janice despairingly. "Come, Fred," said André, "can't something be done?"

Mohray shook his head. "I did my best yesterday to get the wounded rebels given some soup and wine, or at least beef and biscuit that wasn't rotten or full of worms, but 'twas not to be done; there's too much profit in buying the worst and charging for the best."

"Damn the commissary, say I," growled André, "and let his fate be to starve ever after on the stuff he palms on us as fit to eat."

"Amen," remarked a voice outside, and Lord Clowes stepped into the room. "I'll take hell and army rations, Captain André, rather than lose the pleasure of your society," he added ironically.

"Small doubt I shall be found there," retorted André derisively; "but I fear me we shall be no better friends, Baron Clowes, than we are here. There is a special furnace for *paroled prisoners!*"

"Blast thy tongue, but that insult shall cost thee dear!" returned the commissary, white with rage. "To whom shall I send my friend, sir?"

"Hold, André," broke in Mohray, "let me answer, not for you, but for the army." He faced Clowes and went on. "When you have surrendered yourself into

ener, and by two futile endeavors to gain possession of her hand.

"Have no fear of any want in the future," he exclaimed heartily. "In truth, Miss Meredith, on our entrance we seized much that was unfit for the troops, while since then the military necessities have compelled the destruction of many of the finest houses about Germantown, and I took good care that what store of delicacies and wines they might hold should not be destroyed along with them. But give me thy number, and thy mother shall have all that she needs."

Clowes caught the maiden's hand, and though she rose with the action, and slightly shrank away from him, this time he had his will and kissed it hotly.

Janice gave the address and thanked him with warm words of gratitude, somewhat neutralized by her trying to free her hand.

Instead of yielding to her wish, the commissary only tightened his grasp. "Ye have owed me something for long," he said, drawing her toward him in spite of her striving. "Surely I have earned it to-day."

"Lord Clowes, I beg—" began Janice; but there she ended the plea, and, throwing her free arm before her face, she screamed.

Instantly there was a sound of a falling chair, and both the card players burst into the room.

Quick as they were, Clowes had already dropped his hold, and at a respectful distance was saying: "The wine and food shall reach you within the hour, Miss Meredith."

Instantly there was a sound of a falling chair, and both the card players burst into the room.

Quick as they were, Clowes had already dropped his hold, and at a respectful distance was saying: "The wine and food shall reach you within the hour, Miss Meredith."

Janice silently courtesied her thanks, and darted past the young officers, alike anxious to escape explanation to them, or further colloquy with her persecutor.

never released thee from the bargain. Henceforth I expect a lover's privileges until they can be made those of a husband."

Clowes took two steps upward. "I think, Lord Clowes, that it is hardly kind of you to remind me of my shame," replied Janice, with a gentle dignity very close to tears. "Deceitful I was and disobedient, and no one can blame me more than I have come to blame myself. But you are not the one to speak of it; nor to pretend that my giddy conduct was any pledge."

"Then I am to understand that I was lover enough, when thy needs required it, but that now I am to be jilted?" demanded the man harshly.

"Your version is a cruel one that I am sure you cannot think just."

"You hold to it that you are not bound to me?"

"Yes."

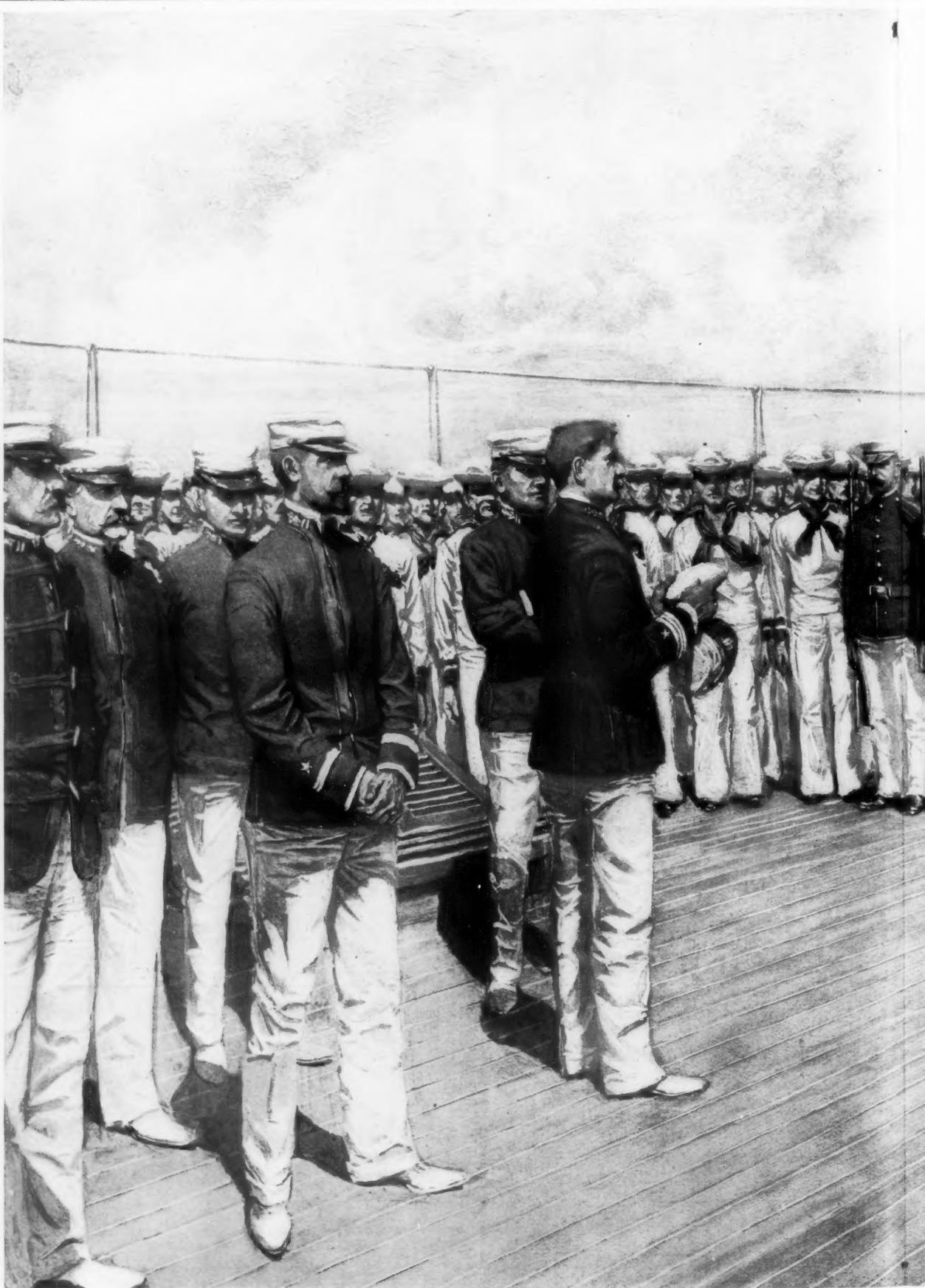
The commissary fell back to where he had set the baskets. "In your necessity ye felt otherwise, and I advise ye to remember that ye still require my aid. I am not one of those who lavish favors and expect no return, though a good friend to those who make it worth my while. If I am to have naught from ye, thou shall have naught from me."

He picked up the baskets. "Here is milk, bread, meat, jellies, and wines, to be had for a price, and only for a price."

"Oh, prithee, Lord Clowes," begged Janice despairingly, "you cannot seek to advantage yourself of my desperate plight. All I had to give my mother this morning was some water gruel, and I have not tasted food myself for a twenty-four hours."

"Your anxiety for your mother cannot be over great.

I only ask you to avow that you consented to become

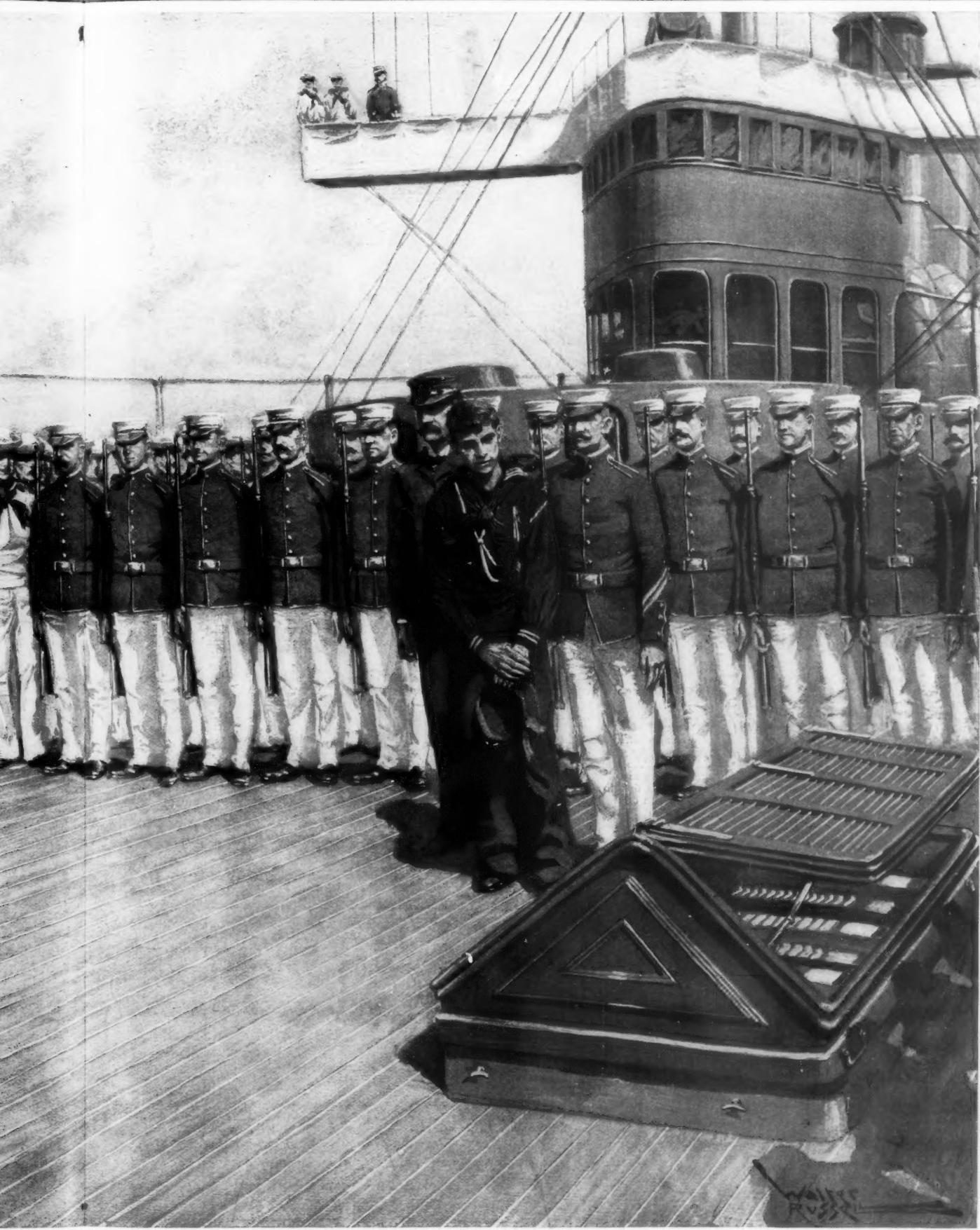


"GUIDE

READING THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT-MARTIAL

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH, OR SUCH OTHER PUNISHMENT AS A COURT-MARTIAL MAY DETERMINE, FOR ANY PERSON FOUND GUILTY OF MUTINY, DISOBEDIENCE OR NEGLECT OF BATTLE ORDERS, UNAUTHORIZED ABSENCE FROM DUTY, OR FAILURE TO ENCOURAGE OTHERS IN BATTLE, DESERTION OR BETRAYAL OF ONE'S COMrades.

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY



## GUILTY!"

### THE COURT-MARTIAL ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP

MARTIAL MAY ADJUDGE, MAY BE INFILCTED ON ANY PERSON IN THE NAVAL SERVICE WHO IS FOUND  
S, UNAUTHORIZED INTERCOURSE WITH THE ENEMY, COWARDICE, FAILURE TO DO HIS DUTY AND  
OR BETRAYING TRUST . . . —ARTICLES FOR GOVERNMENT OF U. S. NAVY; SECTION IV

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER RUSSELL

my wife, and should have done so had we been left free."

The girl wavered; then buried her face in her hands, and in a scarcely audible voice said: "I did intend—for a brief space—did think to—to marry you."

"And you've never given a promise to another man?"

"Never."

Clowes set down the baskets. "That is all I wished acknowledged," he said. "I'll ask no more till you have decided whether you will be true to the truth you have just confessed, Janice." He opened the front door, and added as he passed out: "When these supplies are exhausted, you know where more is to be had."

### XXXII

#### THE BATTLE FOR FOOD AND FORAGE

**W**HEN JANICE came to examine the contents of the baskets, she was somewhat disappointed at the mess of pottage for which she had half bartered herself. Though every article the commissary had enumerated was to be found, it was in meagre quantities, and the girl was shrewd-witted enough to divine the giver's intention—that she should be quickly forced again to appear to him. Her mother's needs and her own hunger, however, prevented dwelling on the future, and scarcely had these been attended to, when Mobray and André appeared, to inquire if her immediate needs were supplied, and with a plan of assistance.

"Miss Meredith," said Mobray, "Captain André and I have had assigned to us for quarters the Franklin house down on Second Street; and he and I agreed that, if Mrs. Meredith can be moved, you are to come and share it with us."

"We ask it as a favor, which, if granted, will make us the envy of the army," remarked André. "And it will, I trust, not be an entirely one-sided benefit. The old fox's den is more than comfortable, Mobray and I have a couple of rascals as servants, one of whom has more or less attached to him a woman who cooks well enough to make even the present ration eatable, and, lastly, though our presence may be something of a handicap, yet in such unsettled times one must tolerate the dogs if they but keep out the wolves. Hang and whip as we may, the men will plunder, and some in high office are little better. Alone here, you are scarcely safe, but with us you need have no fear."

Janice attempted some objections, but her previous helplessness and loneliness, as well as her recent fright from the commissary, made them faint-hearted, and it needed little urgency to win her consent to the plan. Her mother approving, a surgeon and an ambulance were secured, and before nightfall the removal was safely accomplished.

In contrast to the past, the next few days were very happy ones to Janice. Her mother mended steadily, and was soon able to come to meals and to stay downstairs. The servants relieved the girl of all the household drudgery, and spared her from all dwelling on her empty purse. As for the young officers, they could not do enough to entertain her, and, it is to be suspected, themselves. Picquet was quite abandoned, and in place of it nothing would do André but he must teach Janice to paint. Not to be thrown in the background, Mobray produced his flute, and, thanks to a fine harpsichord Franklin had imported for his daughter, was able to have numberless duets with the maiden. Then there were short rides to the south of the city, where the

Delaware and Schuylkill safeguarded a restricted territory from rebel intrusion. Finally, there were daily walks along the river front or in the State House Gardens, where one of the bands of the few regiments garrisoning the city played every afternoon for the amusement of the officers and townspeople, and where Janice was made acquainted with many a young macaroni officer or feminine toast. Save for the high price of provisions, and the constant war talk, Philadelphia bore little semblance to being in a state of semi-siege, and the prize which two armies were striving to hold or win, not by actual conflict, but by a strategy which aimed to keep closed or to open sources of supplies.

Late in October Howe's army fell back from Germantown, and took position just outside the city, where it was set to work throwing up lines of fortifications. And a startling rumor which seemed to come from nowhere, but which, in spite of denials from headquarters, spread like wildfire, supplied a reason for both the retrograde movement and the building of blockhouses and redoubts.

"The rebels have the effrontery to give it out that they have captured General Burgoyne's whole force," sneeringly announced Mobray, as he returned from guard mount. "There seems no limit to the size of their lies."

"La! Sir Frederick," exclaimed Janice, "'tis just what Colonel—what somebody predicted. He said that if General Washington could but keep Sir William busy until it would be too late for him to go to General Burgoyne's aid that all would be well at the end of the campaign."

"And having conceived the hope, they seek to bolster their cause by spreading the tale abroad," scoffed the baronet.

"'Facile est inventis addere,'" laughed André. "They are merely settling the moot point as to who is the father of invention."

"What rebel was it bubbled the conceit to you, Miss Meredith?" inquired Mobray.

"'Twas Colonel Brereton," replied the girl, with a faint hesitation. Then she added, as if a new idea occurred to her, "So you see the American is not the father of invention, Colonel Brereton being an Englishman." Though spoken as an assertion, the statement had a definite question in it.

"Who is this fellow, who, like Charles Lee, fights against his own country?" asked André.

"No one you ever knew, John," replied Mobray; "but I, who did, have it not in my heart to blame him."

"Wilt not tell us his history?" begged Janice eagerly.

"Nay, Miss Meredith; he was an old-time friend of mine, which would be enough to seal my lips respecting his sorry tale, since he wishes to let it die. But I am his debtor as well, for he it was who helped me to a prompt exchange when I was taken prisoner last spring."

For two days the young officers continued to get infinite amusement out of the rebel news, but on the third their gibes and flouts ceased, and a sudden gravity ensued, the cause of which was explained to the women that evening when the time had come for "good-night."

"Ladies," said André, "the route is ordered before daybreak to-morrow, so we must say a farewell to you now, and leave you for a time to the sole charge of Mrs. O'Flaherty. She has orders from us, and from

her putative spouse, to take the greatest care of you both, and we have endeavored to arrange that you shall want for nothing during what we fervently hope will be but a brief absence."

"For what are you leaving us?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"In truth 'tis a sorry business," growled Mobray. "Confirmation came last night of Burgoyne's capitulation, and this means that General Gates's army will at once effect a juncture with Washington's, and the combined force will give us more than we bargained to fight. Burgoyne's fiasco makes it all the more necessary that we hold Philadelphia, and so, as our one chance, we must, ere the union is effected, capture the forts on the Delaware, that our warships and supplies may come to us, lest, when the moment arrives for our desperate struggle, we be handicapped by short commons, and no line of retreat."

"Wilt pray for our success, Miss Meredith?"

"Ay," urged the baronet, "for whatever your sympathies, remember that we fight this time to reunite you with your father."

And that night Janice made her first plea in behalf of the British arms.

It was Clowes who brought them the best proof of the final triumph of the royal army, for one November morning he broke in upon their breakfast, unannounced, and with him came Mr. Meredith.

Had the squire ever doubted the affection of his wife and daughter the next few minutes of articulate but ecstatic delight would have convinced him once for all. Mrs. Meredith, who, since her fever, had been uncontestedly gentle and affectionate, welcomed him as he had not been greeted in years, and Janice, shifting from tears to laughter and back again, wellnigh choked him in her delight. Breakfast was forgotten, while the exile was made to tell all his adventures, and of how, finally, he had escaped from the ship on which he had been for three months.

"'Twas desperate fighting on both sides, but we were too many for them, and the river is free at last. The transport Surrey was third to come up to the city, and the moment I was ashore I sought out Lord Clowes, hoping to get word of ye, and was not disappointed. Pox me, but I'd begun to think that never again should I see ye!"

There was so much to tell and to listen to in the next few days that the reunited family gave little heed to public events, though warm salutations and thanks were lavished on Mobray and André upon the return of the force which had operated against the forts.

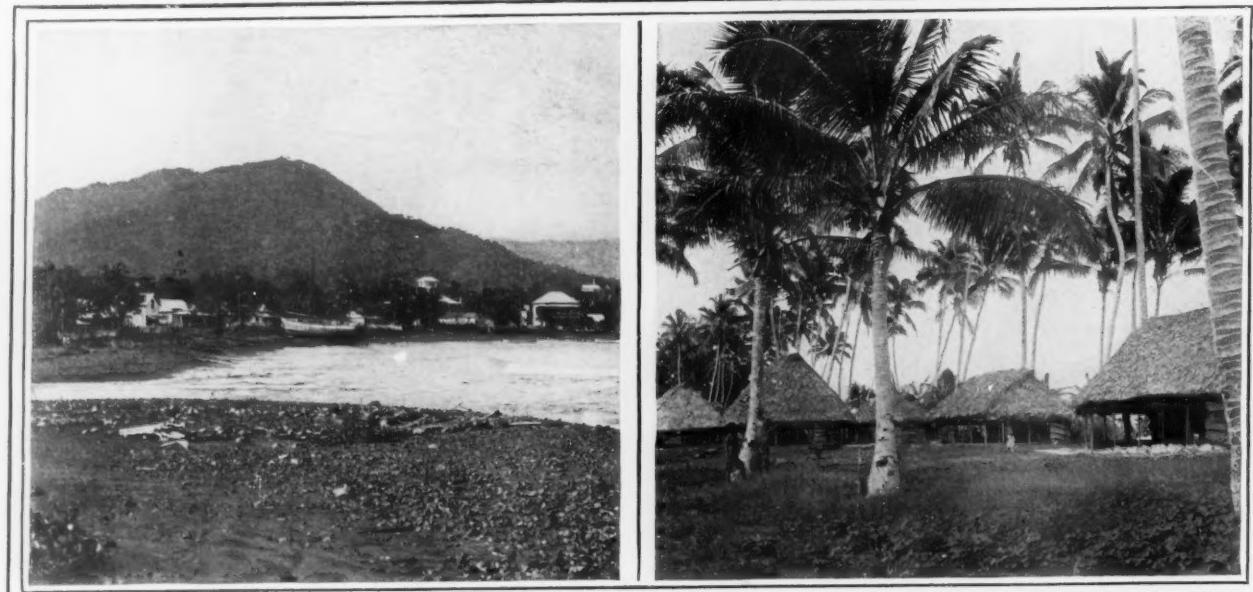
An enforced change speedily brought them back to the present. The mustering of all the royal army, now swelled by reinforcements of three thousand troops hurriedly summoned from New York, compelled a rebelling of the troops, and nine more officers were assigned by the quartermaster-general to the Franklin house, overcrowding it to such an extent as to end the possibility that it should longer shelter the Meredills. The squire went to Sir William Erskine, only to be told that as he was a civilian the Quartermaster's Department could, or at least would, do nothing for him. An appeal to Clowes resulted better, for that officer offered to share his own lodgings with his friends, a generosity which delighted Mr. Meredith, but which put an anxious look on his daughter's face and a scowl on that of Mobray.

"I make no doubt 'twas a well-hatched scheme from

(Continued on page 18)

#### THE REBELLION IN SAMOA

SCENES OF THE RECENT DESPERATE CONFLICTS BETWEEN THE FORCES OF THE REBEL MATAAFĀ AND THE FRIENDLY NATIVES UNDER COMMAND OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICERS



*View of a portion of Apia and the mountain on the summit of which is the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson. At Vailema, around the former home of the novelist, the "Friends" under Lieutenant R. A. Gaunt of the British cruiser Porpoise, were repulsed after a bloody conflict with Mataafans on April 17.*

*A native village of grass huts in a cocoanut grove near Apia. The Mataafā rebels are fighting on the outskirts in rude stockades which the shells of the warships in the harbor cannot reach. In these open places the Government forces met with severe losses during the past month.*



DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY A. B. WENZELL

## AT THE CONCERT

"Did you enjoy the opera last night?"  
 "No, I didn't hear it."  
 "Why not?"  
 "Two women sitting in front of me kept explaining to each other how they loved the music."

## A POINT OF VIEW

AMERICANS IN ENGLAND

THERE IS A VANITY concerned with the national landscape as well as the much more common vanity that is occupied conjecturally with the effect of our society, our arts, or our arms upon the traveller's eyes. No visitor do we more dearly wish to stand well with than the American. In like manner, is there any greater sensitiveness than that of sisters meeting to compare children, when one of them has bred hers, say, in India? Where is there a more delicate apprehension of criticism, with a more genial wish that things should look their best? It is only of late, nevertheless, that we have nationally become less proud and more vain, less confident and a little more solicitous. And while this light anxiety—the French would but call it *coquetterie*—haunts the minds of those who would wish to be admiral for the fleet, the hospitals, Ely Cathedral, the railway system, or the stature and color of young women, it must be permitted to one patriot of simpler ambition to engage a little diffident vanity on behalf of the country—England herself—the broadcast scenery, the coast, the acres, the hills, that make such long, long intervals between city and city, and between central London and the forts. However monstrous grows London, it is yet but a speck upon the country; as many acres of wheat would be passed, from end to end, in a certain number of minutes by express—minutes lost in the long day's journey of field and woodland.

It is then, with some soreness of heart, that one finds the fame of English landscape to be so small that the American visitor frankly owns he did not raise the blinds of the carriage. He saw Manchester, of course; but for nature he waits for the heather-bloom months, and for Scotland. Even to Killarney he may go for love of a lake; but England, the very England, is treated somewhat as a mere interval. A journey to an abbey or a ruin is made rather for the sake of the goal than for the sake of the way. It is to the journey itself—to the intervals, to the miles of solitary fields, albeit they tell no story of antiquity—that the eyes of the pilgrim, the cousin, the ally—by whatever name he will—should be opened. And let them, if possible, be so opened in the month of May. True, May is for every other place as well. One should be in Rome in May, in London in May, in Algiers in May, in May in the Alps when the Swiss shepherd takes his flocks to the higher pastures, in May at sea, in May in orchard country, in May by rivers. Let the English country have one May,

though but one of all the Mays of a lifetime. By some ill-luck the greater number of our travellers come to us in autumn. When the London air has grown stale, and the parks are withered and the horses gone, when the shops take on a second-class look, and there is an opera at "popular prices," then, to the mortification of the patriot, do our visitors drop in. Mists, meanwhile, begin to entangle the smoke of town, and the arrows of the sun are quenched. This is the American time for London, and the French time is November. It is in the name of the hawthorns that I ask for May, and in that of the daisies. They are the best thing we have, and the most distinctive. Certain hawthorns come out on the margins of the Appian Way, and close to the mouth of the Catacombs they flower at the same time, as the white iris that grows there also; and what little land is left wild—it is only on the edges of cultivation—in the garden of Tuscany blooms white with hawthorn. In Normandy also the *aubépine* is known. But its real home is in English country, and all the poets have made it famous. It makes the strangest as well as the loveliest flower-landscape in the world. Even the apple-blossom of the Tyrol, the cherry-blossom of the Rhine, and the flowering almond-trees of the Eastern Riviera do not make so wonderful a scene. Those are but the bellflower branches of trees, whereof the stem and the boughs are visible wood; whereas the hawthorn tree is thick with a massive-minute bower from the summit to the ground. It is in blossom from head to foot, and stands as it were rounded and blunted with its whiteness, as the sharp forms of a hill are blunted with deep snow, or the shape of a child is rounded by a thick white veil thrown over head and all.

As for fragrance, there is no fruit blossom worthy to be called perfumed in comparison with "mav." And as for color, it has its own foam-white, while pink plays in and out, more or less, of the orchard blossoms. It is a moon-flower, as white as its now contemporary daisy, and the two together make a most cheerful show in the sun that gilds the white and yet does not alter it. On a bright gray day a park of hawthorn is still radiant; it is only within reach of the town smoke, and when the climate of London has drifted out beyond the suburbs, that white hawthorns are apt to look somewhat pallid and to make their dull sky lurid. These regions are not the homes of "mav." Nor are they the homes of daisies. The gardeners are the enemies of these constellated flowers, which paint their lawns with delight if they so much as let the mowing machine lie by for a couple of days. It is difficult to persuade even a poet to outrage his gardener by commanding

that the daisies shall not be razed for a week. Such an order given in May means that the fine green lawn is to flash with something far softer and whiter than silver; and here and there a trim lawn shows this one discreet wildness among the molded mounds, and patterned flower-beds, and boastful conifers of the too much civilized garden.

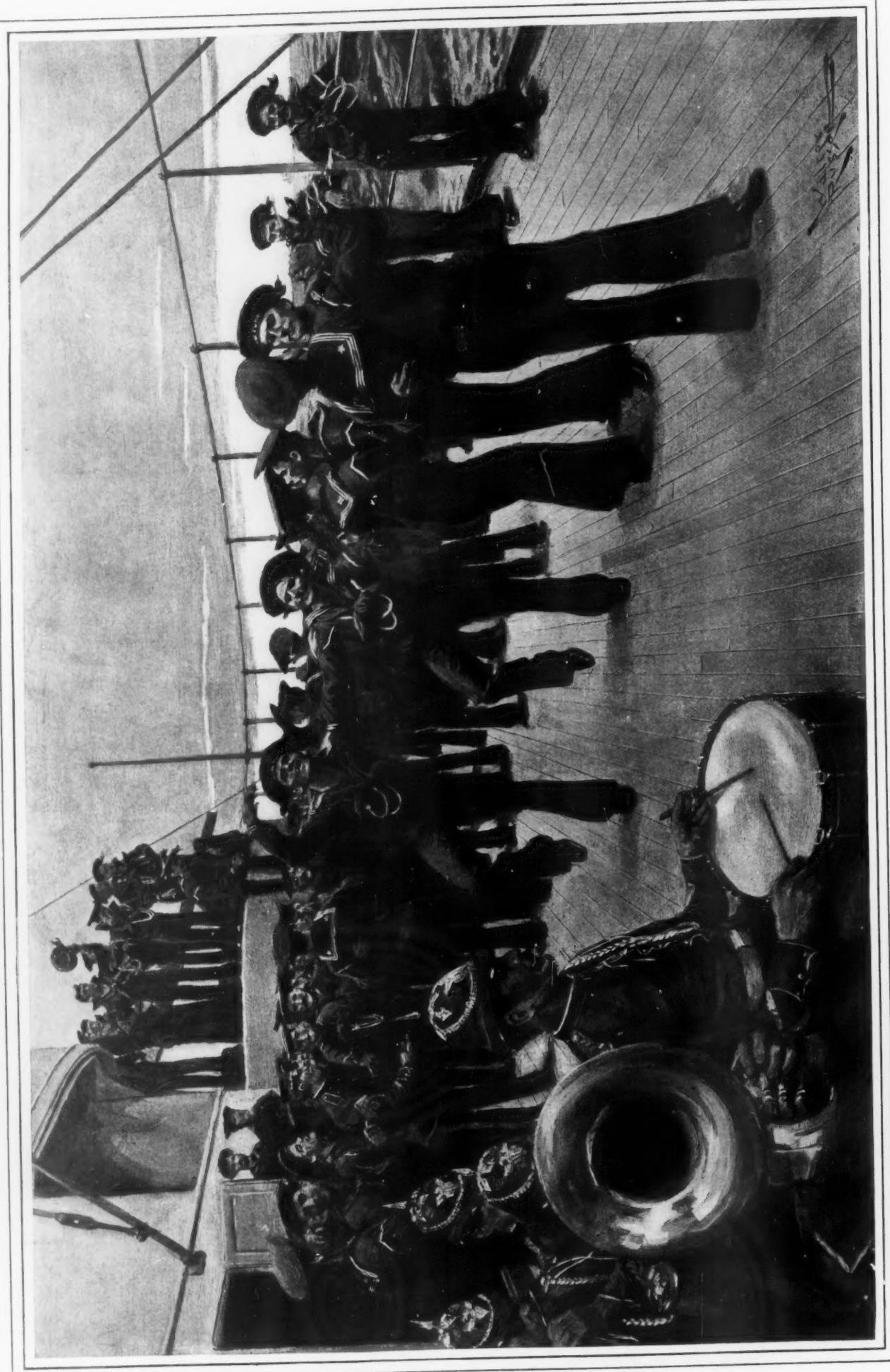
The ways whereby London is reached by those in whose eyes we could wish the mere country to look well are chiefly three: by Liverpool, by Southampton, and—if the American tourist is making England the last point of a European ramble—by Dover. Between Liverpool and London lie four hours of small fields, small hills, small villages, and here and there enormous towns. But everywhere, as on every line, from the railway carriage is to be seen chiefly that kind of building which is the railway order of architecture. At every station, however small and rustic, are grouped the most squalid of all modern houses, built of yellow brick and roofed with thin blue slate, with their tavern in the midst. From the north to the south, and from the German Ocean to the Atlantic, the English railway architecture is invariable. And this is chiefly why a traveller ought not to be content with a journey on a line of railway. But a little way from every station the yellow brick disappears, the slate roof is no more seen; the farms are hooded in their thatch, the cottages ruddily covered in with tiles that dip and dimple with age, and make velvet shadows in the sun. It is no small humiliation to an Englishman to know that the dusky-red and warm-white villages are there, but that nothing is to be seen except swarthy yellow brick and slates that look as thin as paper.

Londonward from Dover is one of the most smoky journeys in the south of England, but here is the best cultivated land in England. Here the little green grass field stops for a time, and the croft and the fruit garden are in bloom.

If the American would indulge us, he would go away upon the country roads; would see more of the Thames than suburban Richmond can show him; would sail the little Dart in the south; would pace the sands of the northwestern coast, under the castled walls of basalt, by Holy Isle, where there are millions of sea birds nesting on the ledges; would walk the wild flowers of the chalk; would follow the trout-streams in Cornwall. For even at Stratford upon Avon stands—more conspicuous than the little house of pilgrimage—the universal railway station, the station of numberless repetition, with its unalterable circumstance.

ALICE MEYNELL

COLLIER'S WEEKLY



"DEWEY DAY" ON A MAN-OF-WAR  
SINCE ADMIRAL DEWEY GAINED HIS GREAT VICTORY OVER THE SPANISH FLEET IN MANILA BAY, MAY 1, 1898, OFFICERS AND JACKIES OF THE AMERICAN WARSHIPS HAVE SET ASIDE THE ANNIVERSARY DAY AS A "LEGAL HOLIDAY,"  
THE FIRST CELEBRATION OCCURRED ON MONDAY, MAY 1, LAST. MANY SHIPS WERE DECKED IN BUNTING, AND THE SAILORS INDULGED IN SKYLARKING AND GENERAL JOLIFICATION.  
DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY WALTER RUSSELL.

## THE SOLDIERS' DUMB FRIENDS

EVERY MAN-OF-WAR has its mascot in the shape of a bird or animal before going into battle, and these dumb creatures lend a certain amount of comfort and cheer to the sailors, sharing their danger and privations as well as their fun and pleasure. The soldiers on land rarely have the opportunity to carry mascots, but they always have with them dumb friends, whose presence more often decides the fate of battles than the mascots. The war horses accompany every regiment, and their performances and actions in times of peace, or when under fire, frequently inspire courage in the heart of the drooping soldier. Sometimes the war horse is a mule, but this otherwise stupid and stubborn creature is a marvel in war. Uncle Sam put more confidence in the mule than in the horse in the two campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines, and the aforetime despised animal has redeemed itself from much of its unfortunate reputation.

The army mule has just the qualities to make a good soldier. He has no nerves, and the shrieking of shells do not make him unruly and frightened. When all others are anxious and excited the mules are quiet and contemplative as ever. Give them some good grass and hay, and they will munch it right in the front of the battle. As a rule they do not go to the front. Their mission is to drag supplies and ammunition in the rear of the army, but if by accident they get in front they are apt to show the same solidity as in the rear. Stupidity some call it. But sometimes stupidity of this kind is a grand gift.

In Manila the mule has been invaluable to our army. Long trains of them hauled the wagon loads of supplies and the field pieces and ammunition carriages through mud and marsh, across ditches and streams, over logs, and through jungles that seemed absolutely impassable. There was simply nothing that these brutes could not get over, across, or under with their loads, where our soldiers could go. Much of the success of the Philippine campaign has been due to the skill of the teamsters in keeping the food and ammunition supplies well up to the front. Hardly a fighting day had to be postponed because of the lack of provisions, and it was the mule which accomplished this work so successfully. The character of the country over which the supplies had to be dragged was wretched in the extreme. The hubs of the wagons were often sunk into the mud and water, but the mules trudged faithfully on. This, as much as anything else, surprised the insurgents. They could not comprehend how the American army could move their provisions and field pieces along so rapidly, with the railroads often destroyed for miles in their rear.

When the field pieces and siege guns were swung up into position the mules were unhitched and led a short distance to the rear. But they did not mind the roar and explosions of the guns any more than if they were the crackling of thistle leaves in their favorite pasture field.

Although superior to the horse for certain lines of work in the army, the mule will never supplant this more highly-strung animal for cavalry duty. When it comes to charging the enemy, the mule would be too slow. This fatal defect in his character is never fully overcome.

A veteran cavalry horse becomes almost a

part of the rider. The two work together, and the nervous system of one is affected by that of the other. The horse undoubtedly experiences all the hopes and fears of its rider, and if he has been long in the service this influence of one over the other increases.

When a column of cavalry swings in line to wait the order to charge, both riders and horses grow nervous if compelled to wait long. Inaction for a long time in the very face of the enemy is dangerous, and cavalry leaders rarely subject their men and horses to this strain except when absolutely necessary. The horse shows the strain outwardly by quick, nervous, restless movements. If the wait is continued for a long time the animal will begin to tremble and sweat. It is not fear, but nervousness. All that is required to dispel this condition is to sound the bugle call. Instantly the animal will begin the charge. It is necessary to hold him in firmly at this juncture, or he will get the bit in his mouth, and rush forward at too rapid a gait. In some new horses there will be a tendency to bolt, but as the front and side lines are made up of old veterans this is impossible, as the other horses will keep the fractious ones in line.

Then, as the charge moves forward, the nervousness of the horses disappears. They will lay back their ears and resolve to win or die. They carry their riders straight to the thick of the fight, and never once falter.

When a bullet strikes a trooper the man usually rolls out of his saddle without a word or cry, and the riderless horse continues the charge with the rest, rarely trying to escape or break through the lines. If the lines are broken up, the riderless army horse gets a little bewildered, and runs about the field shouting loudly. He misses the guiding touch of his master and is seeking for him on the field. A peculiarity of the cavalry horse is that it will rarely leave the field of action riderless. Several of these riderless horses will in time congregate together, and when the "rally" call of the bugle is sounded they fall in line in a body and report for duty. Such responsiveness seems almost human.

When the horse, instead of the rider, is struck by a bullet, the animal preserves the same stoicism that most troopers exhibit. It does not cry out, but endures the pain in silence. With wonderful fortitude it goes on with the rest of the cavalry to the charge, and not until shot through the heart or in the head will it drop. Even with a leg shattered the animal does not drop, but bravely continues the charge. When fatally wounded the veteran cavalry horse will try to get out of the fight and hobble to one side to die. But he does not drop down until weakness overcomes him. With drooping head, and dripping blood from his wounds, he will stand there, a sad and pathetic sight on the landscape.

GEO. ETHELBERT WALSH.

### That Little Book

"Babies," issued by the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., New York, should be in the hands of all young mothers. The hints it contains are invaluable to the inexperienced. Sent free upon application.

Don't think you have drunk the ne plus ultra of wines until you have tried Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

## Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSMAM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.  
Promotes a luxuriant growth  
of Hair. Restores Gray  
Hair to its Youthful Color.  
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.  
25c, and \$1.00 at Druggists.

### A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



### Without a Rival FOR BILLIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as

**Weak Stomach  
Impaired Digestion  
Disordered Liver  
Sick Headache, etc.**

**IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.**

Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

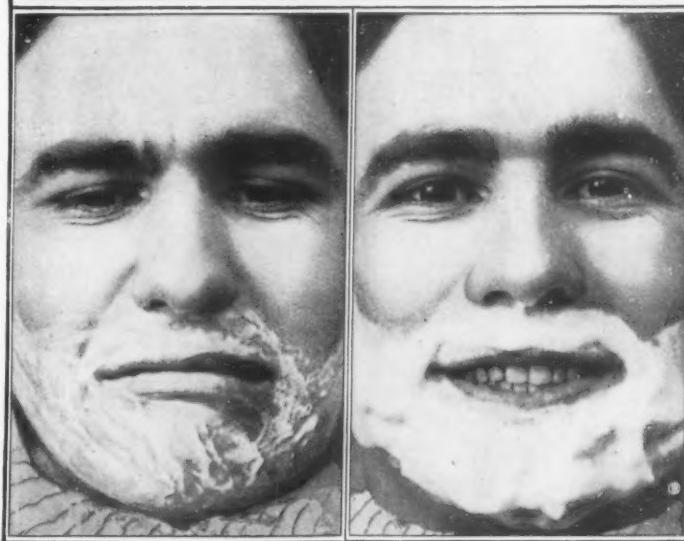
**Beecham's Pills**  
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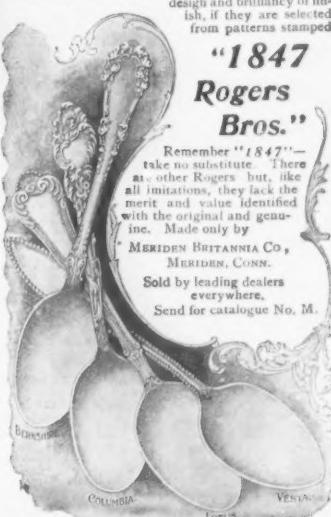
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PAT. FEB. 2, 1899

### JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 14)  
the start," he asserted. "Lord Clowes and Erskine are but Tom Tickle and Tom Scratch."

With the same thought in her own mind, Janice took the first opportunity to beg her father to seek further rather than accept the commissary's hospitality.

"Nay, lass," replied Mr. Meredith. "Beggars cannot be choosers, and that is what we are. Remember that I am without money, and have been so ever since those rascals hounded me from home. Had not Lord Clowes generously stepped forward as he has we should be put to it to get through the winter without being frozen or starved. And your mother's health is not such as could stand either, that you know."

"You are quite right, dadda," assented the girl, as she stooped and kissed him. "I had a reason—which now I will not trouble you with—and selfishly forgot both mommy and our poverty." Then flinging her arms about his neck she hid her head against his shoulder and said: "I am promised—you have given Philemon your word, and you'll not go back on it, will you, dadda?" almost as if she were making a prayer.

"Odds my life! what scatter-brains women are born with," marvelled Mr. Meredith. "In the name of evil, Jan, what started ye off on that tangent?"

"You will keep faith with him, dadda?" pleaded the daughter.

"Of course I will," affirmed the squire. "And glad I am, child, to find that ye have come to see that I knew not merely what was best for ye, but what would make ye happiest. If the poor lad is ever exchanged, 'twil be glad news for him."

No sooner had the British returned from their brief sally than they settled into winter quarters, and gave themselves up to such amusements as the city afforded or they could create.

The commissary had taken good heed to have one of the finest of the deserted Whig houses in the city assigned to him, and whatever it had once lacked had been supplied. A coach, a chair, and four saddle-horses were at his beck and call; a dozen servants, some military and some slave, performed the household and stable work; a larder and a cellar, filled to repletion, satisfied every creature need, and their contents were served on plate and china from the richest.

"I' faith," explained the officer, when Mr. Meredith commented on the completeness and elegance of the establishment, "tis something to be commissary-general in these times, and since the houses about Germantown were to be destroyed 'twas contrary to nature not to take from them what would serve to make me comfortable. Their owners are none the poorer, for they think it all perished in the flames, as it would have done but for my forethought."

During the first days in their new domiciliary, Janice showed the utmost nervousness, seldom leaving her mother's or father's side, and never venturing into the hallways without a previous peep to see that they were empty. As the weeks wore on without any attempt on the commissary's part to surprise her into a tête-à-tête, to recur to the words he had forced her to utter, or to be anything but a polite, entertaining, and thoughtful host, the girl gained courage and little by little took life more easily. She would have been less easy, though better able to understand his conduct, had she overheard or had repeated to her a conversation between Lord Clowes and her father on the day that they first took up their new abode.

"A beggar's thanks are lean ones, Clowes," the squire had said, over the wine, "but if ever the dice cease from throwing me blanks, ye shall find that Lambert Meredith has not forgotten thy loans of home and money."

"Talk not to me in such strain, Meredith," replied the host, with the frank, hearty manner he could so well command. "I ask no better payment than your company, but 'tis in your power to shift the debt onto my shoulders at any time, and by a single word at that."

"How so?"

"It has scarce slipped thy memory that in a moment's mistrust of thee—which I now concede was both unfriendly and unjustifiable—I sought to run off with thy beautiful maid. She was ready to marry me out of hand; but give thy consent as well, and I shall be thy debtor for ever."

"Ye know—" began Mr. Meredith.

"And what is more," went on the suitor, "though 'tis not for me to make boast, I can assure ye that Lord Clowes is no bad match. In the last two years I've salted down nigh sixty thousand pounds in the funds and bank stock."

"Adzoobs!" aspirated the squire. "How did ye that?"

"Hah, hah," laughed the commissary triumphantly. "That is what it is to play the cards aright. 'Twas all from being carried on that cursed silly voyage to the Madeiras which at that moment I deemed the work of the Evil One himself. I could get but a passage to Halifax, and by luck I arrived there just as Sir William put in with the fleet from Boston. We had done a stroke or two of business in former

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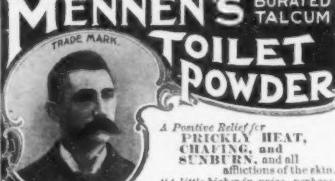
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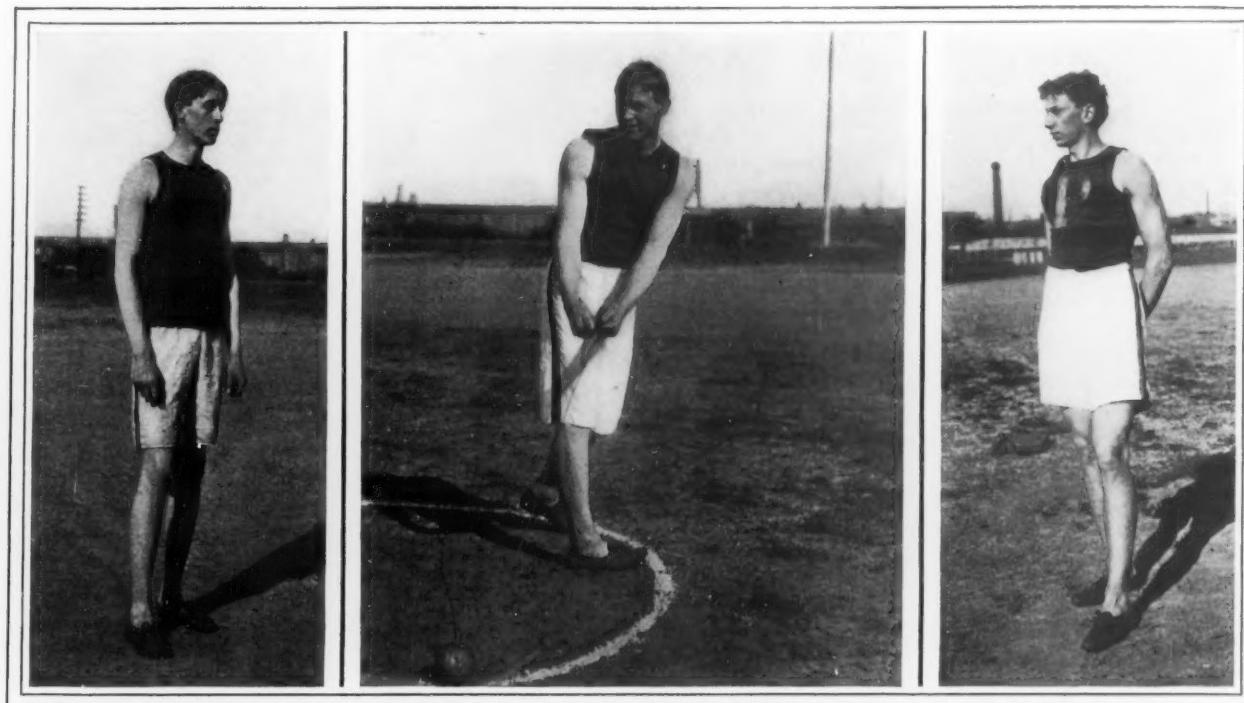
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J. W. R. TEWKESBURY (UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA), RELAY RUNNER

J. C. M. CRACKEN (UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA) PUTTING THE SHOT

A. C. KRAENZLEIN (UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA), CHAMPION BROAD JUMPER

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

WHAT a place Philadelphia is for sport, to be sure! Nearly eight thousand people—a good attendance for an ordinary regular intercollegiate meeting—and all to see a set of relay matches! And yet the relay matches were worth seeing and paid the people. Mr. Ellis has a particular contract with the clerk of the weather and brought off his usual perfect day, which the contestants used to the full. Yale's runners did credit to themselves, their captain and their trainer, and Mr. Copeland, on Saturday night, had led Mr. Murphy to realize that he, Copeland, was a factor in the equation. The feature of the meeting was, of course, the wonderful performance of Kraenzlein, who broke the world's record of 24 feet and  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch by a clear 3 inches, covering this distance on his third attempt. He came up to it gradually and certainly, making 23 feet 4 on his first jump, increasing that by 7 inches on his second, and finally, with a mighty effort, getting off in beautiful form and covering 24 feet 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Sheldon, that magnificent young Hercules, put the shot 44 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The two-mile and four-mile relays were too easy for Yale to be of any interest to the spectators, but the mile was a different story, and on the third quarter, when Kraenzlein set sail after Fisher, it looked, halfway around the track, as though he were going to overhaul him, but the wonderful Pennsylvanian had miscalculated, and before he reached the Yale man's shoulder his bolt was shot, and although he gathered himself splendidly, it was with difficulty, and rather distress, that he reached the tape. Tewksbury repeated the mistake behind Boardman, and came very near giving Chicago second

place. In fact, the Chicago man was within touching distance and almost abreast when they crossed the line. The one fact that impressed itself upon the minds of all the spectators was the excellent form of Yale's men, not only in this relay, but in the other events as well. They ran easily and finished very strong.

Of the other events of the day, the race run by the Penn Charter School in defeating Germantown was as pretty as any on the track, and reflected considerable credit on Mr. Williams. Hill School also made a pretty showing when defeating South Jersey and Berkeley in good time.

After the decision of the executive committee of the United States Golf Association into whose hands the selection of the links for the national championship was given became known, the majority of Eastern golfers turned toward the Metropolitan Golf Association tournament at Garden City as the only opportunity for the many to see championship golf. The association is to be congratulated on the successful result of a tournament undertaken under heavy odds, in the spirit of the greatest good to the greatest number, and the high class of play, as well as the satisfactory result of the difficult task of handicapping. The majority of players were handicapped by the early date chosen. We give the association the credit of not wishing to select so impossible a date. There were questions of handicapping to decide, important experiments to be made, and made early, if the National Association was to benefit by them at all this season. The Metropolitan Executive Committee were not responsible for the rigor and sharpness of the winter which rendered any practice almost impossible. There were a fortunate few who had been

able to play down South, and in consequence the knowing ones prophesied just some such "turn over" as the result at Garden City shows. Many misgivings were felt also in the choice of the links, but in this the Metropolitan Association were particularly fortunate. In fact, it is doubtful if any other course could have been put in even possible shape, owing to the late snows and soggy condition of the soil in general.

Interest, picturesqueness, sensationalism, the Garden City course cannot claim, but it offers magnificent lies, keen greens, and a fair playing distance. Considering the straight-away character of the links, it is a pity that there cannot be more long holes like the fifteenth, which is five hundred and six yards, and very well planned. The turf through the running green is as thick and soft as velvet, and owing to the fine subsoil, and the superb treatment the course has received, the balls on the drive, or brassie, catch a splendidly long roll. The Garden City Club should have a great future; its actual nearness to New York, and its great golfing possibilities should appeal to many of the younger men who have little time at their disposal, and to many of the older men who dread the alpine climbing required by some of the most beautiful courses near the city. The greatest drawback to the course itself is its dreary, dead level of monotony, one hole being almost the counterpart of every other; all flat, with none of the wave-like undulations to relieve the eye that give Shinnecock (which it most nearly resembles) its peculiar charm. If the managers of the Garden City course wish to attract and hold permanently a large membership, it will be well for them also to endeavor to stimulate the Long Island Railroad service, which is, as now offered, absolutely impossible. Under present conditions, although Garden City is so near, the journey, either going or coming, occupies nearly two hours and a half.



D. BOARDMAN OF YALE FINISHING IN ONE-MILE CHAMPION RELAY RACE; J. W. R. TEWKESBURY OF UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA IN SECOND PLACE

OPENING OF  
THE SEASON  
AT THE  
COLLEGES.

OPENING OF  
THE SEASONS  
AT THE  
COLLEGES

Never before in the history of college athletics has there been a spring so imminent to the early development of the candidates for the various teams and crews. March, up to the very end, was cold and bleak, and the snow stayed on the fields to such an extent that the occasional day of practice which track men and baseball men have been wont to make the most of was entirely

The crews got out on the river almost not at all, and the universities where there were any facilities for indoor work reaped the benefits.

In baseball Harvard played her first game on the 5th of April with Boston College. The cage work was noticeable in the general quickness displayed by the men and the freedom with which they got about. There was none of the winter's stiffness in their play, nor the change from indoor to outdoor work produced its inevitable result, and the failure to accurately gauge

Harvard's nine shows many gaps, due to the loss of last year's players. The most serious would have been that of Reid behind the bat, had he not decided to come out. Captain Rand is missed in left field. Robinson at third, Burroughs, right, and Hayes, pitcher, are three other men whose places must be filled. The showing made by Fitz last year, when he pitched in the game at New York against Yale, and whose left-handed delivery and marked curves bothered the Yale men so much on that day, was promising, and this man is likely to trouble Harvard's opponents considerably this season. If he improves upon what he did on that day he will be a hard man to find. His showing already is good. He has behind him Morse and McCormack, the latter not particularly accurate, but with fair speed; while the former is a heady player, and gets plenty of pace on the ball.

Captain Haughton will cover second, as usual, and is a hard man for base-runners to get past. Goodrich will probably finally play first, and Fincke or Laughlin short. Babbles is likely to go into the outfield with Sears. L. Frothingham of '98 has had chief charge of the men. The spring trip showed good promise.

The spring trip showed good promise. Princeton opened her season in March, and played a very creditable game with the New York University. The losses by graduation at Princeton will be felt, although they are not as numerous as those at Harvard. Kelley, always known as a reliable batsman and a good first baseman, has gone; and Easton, who even with a lame arm, was one of the strongest fielders in the college last year, is another man who will be missed. It is something of a question whether Hutchinson will hold his place at third, but he is the most prominent candidate at present. Steinweinader is playing a good second, and Walker and Suter in the field. It is probable that Wier will fill up the other positions in the field, and also act as change pitcher. Kelley's place is likely to be taken by Chapman, the Andover first baseman. Princeton starts out by all odds the strongest in the battery points of any of the college teams, with Kafer behind the bat and Hillebrand in the box. Campbell and Greene are the men selected to help Captain Kafer out behind the bat, while Wier, already mentioned, with Harrison and Bailey, will make up the substitute pitchers. The showing on the Eastern trip was, like that of Yale, rather discouraging, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.

was, like that of Yale, negligible.

At New Haven the first game was played with Wesleyan in March, and was not productive of any very satisfactory work, although the men showed that they are likely to be reckoned with before the season is over. Sullivan is fairly certain to be the regular catcher, and his marked improvement during last year in all-round work, and especially in throwing to bases, leads one to look hopefully for what he may do this year. He is built to stand work, and takes plenty of it. The chances are that Cook of Hotchkiss School, who was a change tackle on the football team last year, will not make the showing as pitcher that was expected, but he may round to later. Roberson, who played first base on his freshman team, did creditable work on the Eastern trip; and Gibson, who came from the Grammar School, will be another candidate for that position. Robertson is likely to do consider-

able of the pitching in the early part of the year. Hall of St. Paul's Garden City School, who was a substitute last year, will also be tried in the box. It looks now as though Wear would hold first base and fill up Wadsworth's place there. This has weakened the field somewhat, but Wear is a good first baseman and ought to cover it well. Eddy may be out later. At present Waddell is likely to fill left field. Camp will play at short as last year, and Captain DeSaunies will, of course, cover second. Quinby will play at center field. Bronson is now covering third and throwing well. In fact, the infield is lively and ought to be made thoroughly effective. Hirsh, who caught on his freshman nine last year, an Andover boy, will fill Sullivan's position as change catcher. Simonds, a 1902 man, will also be given some pitching to do.

the time of the Yale dual games, five men who can clear six feet, and the statement does not seem far-fetched, for Rotech, a freshman, has a record of six feet one, while Morse, Ellis, Rice and Ferguson have all negotiated the even mark and better. In the mile run it is a question whether Dick Grant will come out again. There is talk about a meeting with Oxford and Cambridge, and also the sending of a team to Paris at the time of the World's Fair, but these things are in the dim future, and nothing has been done about them, although it is generally considered that an English meeting would be attractive. Harvard has not suffered many losses. In fact, it is said that, with the exception of Bremer, all the men who won points in the inter-collegiate games last year will be on hand. Burke, who, of course, if he runs, was expected to have the quarter mile at his mercy, will have in Boardman a strong competitor.

At Princeton the loss of Rush will be severely felt, Captain Creegan will, with Jarvis, take a number of points for Princeton, and Bottger may be heard of in the shot. At present Princeton is in hard luck with injured men.

Christie is a very successful trainer, as was evidenced last year, and he will make the most of his material one may be sure.

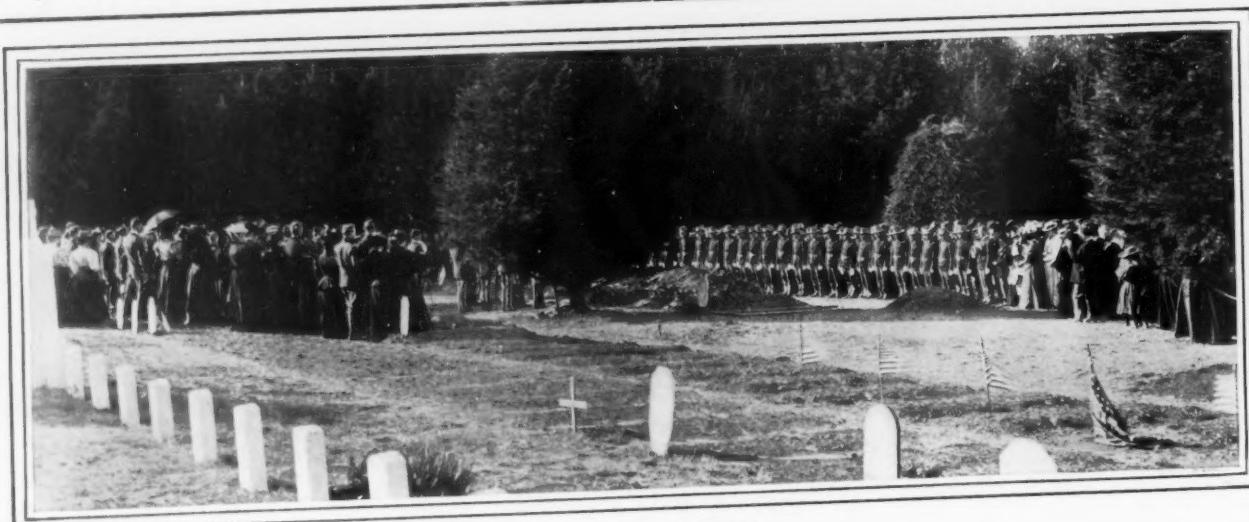
At New Haven the loss of Perkins and Van Buren in the hurdles will be felt, as will also that of Cheney and Weston in the broad, and Byer and Chappell in the sprints; but for all this Copeland has taken hold in a most vigorous way, and is getting more interest and good work out of his men than has been seen in a long time. Captain Fisher is energetic, and has a good string of men at work. Boardman is the most promising development of the year, but in hurdles and field events Yale is far below her usual standard.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Our schoolboys offer some good lessons for their older college brothers in the way in which they are going into developing cross-country running. It is true that cross-country running has some followers at the universities, particularly among the track men, but the sport has never received to the full the attention which it deserves. It is a hard thing for any one to get up much enthusiasm for any of the special sports in our colleges or universities to-day, and it is that very weakness which marks the inferiority of our systems. Perhaps the schoolboys are going to teach us a lesson, and may increase the field of vision when later they become collegians. A cross-country duel, like that between Butte and Trede, is not only a good sport, but it brings out good men.

The following letter sums up the views of a prominent coast football man upon the situation regarding the journey of an all-California team East: "In regard to the proposed trip of an all-California football team, I can say that to nearly all those acquainted with the situation and conditions here it is simply regarded as a lot of 'talk,' and more or less of a 'grandstand play.' The managers of both university teams have not the faintest idea that the plans will succeed, and are themselves rather opposed to the proposition. From what I have heard from a party in direct communication with the affair, it seems to be the plan to take some men who should be in college at the time designated in the present schedule of games. There is strong opposition to this at both universities, and I believe the athletic or executive committee of the University of California have made an official statement that they are not in favor of the scheme, and that their men will in no manner support it. I am personally aware of the fact that the feeling at Stanford is very similar. The players themselves have no confidence in what is being done and said, and would no doubt refuse

"Under these conditions, unless it has some remarkable backing, I do not see how it can possibly make the trip a 'go.' I do not say what I have said in a spirit of unjust criticism in the least, but simply try to state facts as I believe them to exist. I may be mistaken, but, with others, will be much surprised if such be the case."



## CALIFORNIA'S HONORED DEAD

*... military funeral at the Presidio Cemetery, San Francisco, where regulars and volunteers are buried.*

## LITERATURE

Egypt in 1898. By G. W. STEEVENS, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Steevens' journal covers two months and a half of open-eyed travel through Egypt, apparently absorbed under the wing of the unimpeachable Cook. The literary qualities of "Egypt in 1898" are of decided account. Vivacity, freshness, caustic good-humor, wit, and keen apperception of nature, human and dumb, are the merits of the author's style. When he speaks of the best features and results of British rule in Egypt, and of the necessity of its continuation, he takes on a sterner tone, a voice of authority, an imperious air, that is not unbecoming to a member of the nation sitting in suzerainty over more than one-fifth of mankind. But this occasional strictness does not prevent the author's having a large view of things. He has been everywhere, and has talked with all sorts and conditions of men—in Egypt from bigwig British consul-general to baksheesh-begging camel-driver. He has tried to get to the bottom of the other man's point of view without surrendering his own. All of this together makes up a touch of Kipling, which the following sentences from "Egypt in 1898" may verify:

"The men that have been broke, the men that have been disbursed, the men that have cheated at cards, the men that have done nothing in particular except not get on with civilization—you will find them between ten and early morning clutching brass rails before the bars of Cairo." "Fair-haired and blue eyed, square-shouldered and square-jawed, with pinched brows and steadfast eyes that seemed to look outward and inward at the same time, self-contained, self-controlled, and self-reliant, they were unmistakably builders—British empire-builders."

"The sun of the south is a sensation of itself. As soon as it shines on you, you begin to feel that the things which brought care before do not perhaps matter so much after all. You begin insensibly to alter your standards of the importance of all things. Time, for instance, doesn't matter; trouble does," "Port Said to-day is just coal and boredom." "—the little wisp of brown ugliness pattered off, faded again to a spectre, was lost in the darkness of the ship."

Now, such-like is worth quoting from a book of travel, and it is easy to take pleasure in that kind of writing, but Mr. Steevens is sometimes flashy, though not vulgar, and too often takes lazy refuge in slangy or slovenly language. Was he racing with a Nile cataract when he wrote: "—this the terrible Lord Cromer whom khedives obey and tremble?"

The benefits of the British administration of Egypt Mr. Steevens has much to say, yet is not silent upon the dislike of that nation to its self-appointed sponsor. All the best posts, and a number of the second and third best, are occupied by the English, who, depriving the Egyptians of the exercise of government, proclaim aloud their virtuous intention of teaching them the art of self-government! But we also see that the sun which once illuminated the greatness of Memphis and Thebes now looks down upon a people of irresponsible weaklings, lacking initiative, courage, fortitude, and truthfulness. How unfit this nation is to take care of itself, how it clings to the skirts of Dame Britannia in spite of itself, how neither Gaul nor Levantine can do the work in Egypt that the sons of Uffa and Crida of Hengist and Horsa have done and are doing, how the dominion over the land is destined to pass into the hands of Albion and remain there—this is well set forth in Mr. Steevens' book. Of other subjects of importance dwelt upon, the irrigation of the country by the Nile, the state of English trade and investments, Lord Cromer's official and private personality, the attainments of the Egyptian schoolboy, and the Tombs of Luxor are to be specially noted.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson's first volume of "The Story of France," which the Macmillan Co. has recently published, is a successful attempt of Yellow History. The author is devoid of the faculties of passionless inquiry, imperturbable balancing, exact deduction, right apportionment of space to facts, and rational literary expression. His disordered, spasmodic, feverish narrative jerks out the things his fancy tells him to mention, in un-scholarly, intemperate, telegraphic paragraphs, which are shallow in thought and knowledge, superficial in the estimation of character, seemingly subjective in the ranking of events, and sensational in the extreme. To read Mr. Watson's first volume is a waste of time, besides being an encouragement to him to write another.

Little that is exciting occurs nowadays among the sedate Helvetians. But whoever is curious to know how that sturdy people came by its present position of independence and security will do well to consult the Macmillan Co.'s new "Short History of Switzerland," written by Dr. Karl Dändliker, of Zürich University.

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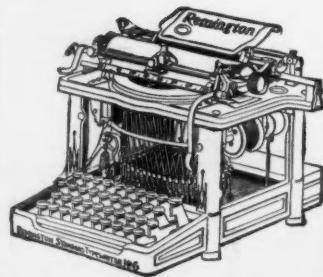
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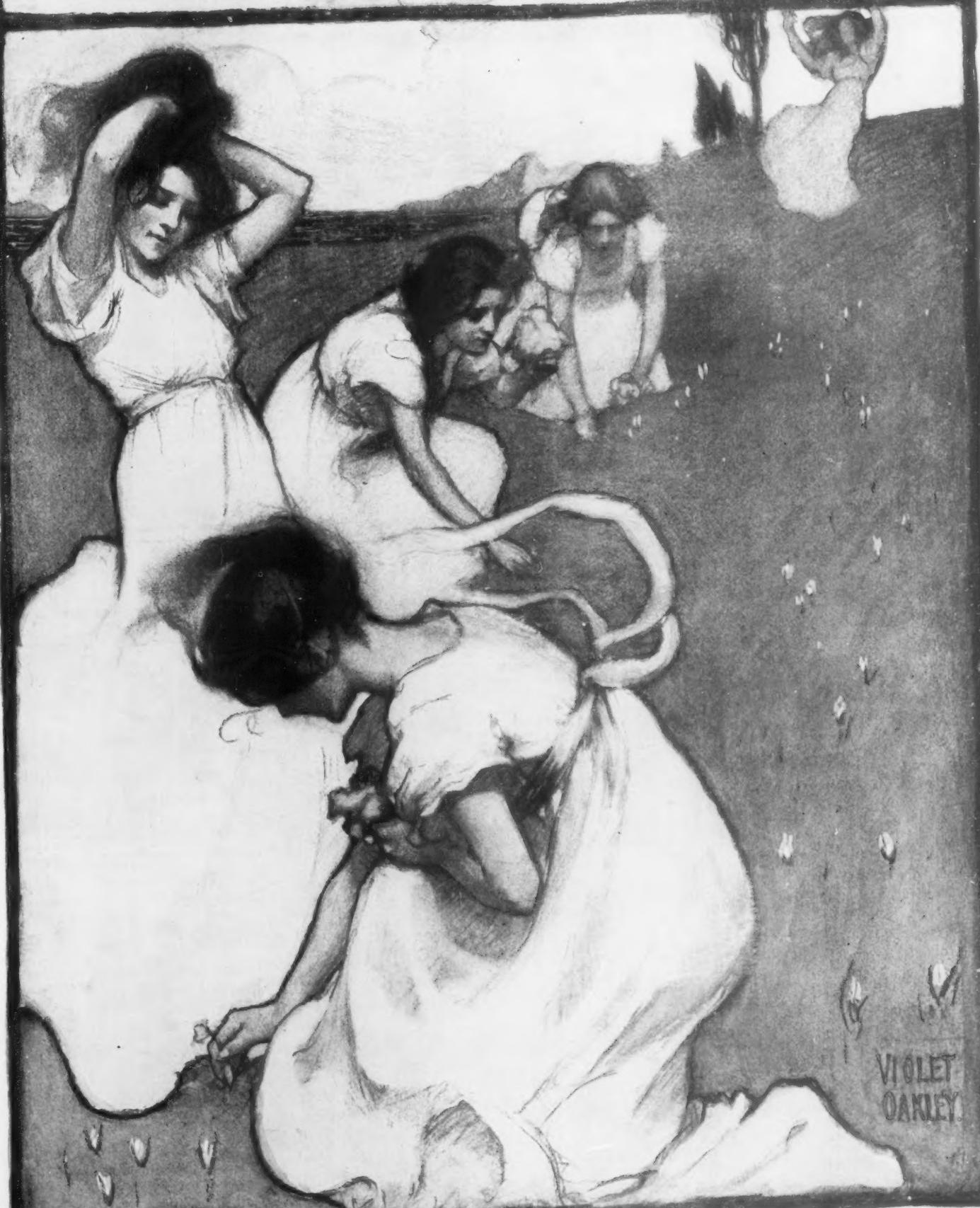
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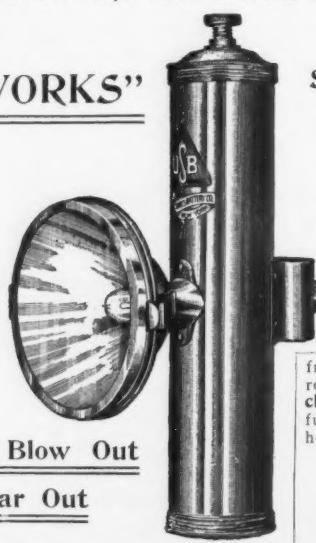
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